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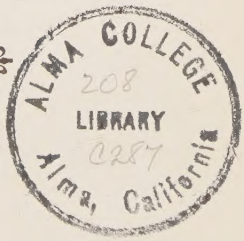

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Mary Howitt.

BY JAMES BRITTEN.

MARY HOWITT, whose maiden name was Botham, was born March 12th, 1799, at Coleford in Gloucestershire, but was brought up at the quaint town of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire.

In a charming little volume—*My Own Story, or, the Autobiography of a Child*, in which she has given what is manifestly a singularly true and lifelike picture of her childish days—so true, indeed, that, apart from its personal interest, the little book has its value as a record of times and manners which are now matters of history to us.

Her parents were Quakers: her father was a good but stern man, perhaps not altogether unlike his father, who is graphically depicted in the *Autobiography*: "He read a great deal, wrote a great deal, and was a great collector of herbs"—characteristics which certainly descended to two, at least, of his grandchildren, Mary and her elder sister, Anna. It is told of Mr. Botham that he turned one of his daughters out of the room for laughing in his presence, the said daughter being then sixteen years of age; and it is evident that his children respected rather than loved him. Her mother is described as "a woman of strong, energetic character," not, however, wanting in sympathy and affection; she was of a literary turn of mind, and would repeat to her children "long portions of Thomson's *Seasons*, of which she was extremely fond, Gray's *Elegy*, passages from Cowper, and other long poems," and thus early enkindled the love and habit of verse which was so conspicuous an element in Mary's character.

The affection and complete union which always existed between Mary and her sister Anna, who was a year her senior, is observable throughout *My Own Story.* She tells us:—

"Anna was somewhat slenderer than myself, with an oval countenance, soft blue eyes, soft brown hair, a remarkably rosy complexion, and an expression of great sweetness in her whole countenance. She was, in fact, the most amiable, the most feminine and affectionate creature I ever saw. I—for I remember well what was said of me, if I do not remember my own person—was broader set than my sister, with a round face, large grey eyes, and a deal of healthy colour on my cheeks, with a roguish, merry expression of countenance which made people think that I was very fond of mischief. I was not particularly so, but that was the general opinion, and I heard it so often said that I set it down in my own mind for fact. We were so constantly together, and were so guided by a constant unity of will, that we were something like one soul in two bodies."

My memory of Mrs. Howitt, on the only occasion of my meeting her, is not sufficiently distinct to enable me to confirm this description; but the word-portrait of her sister, Mrs. Harrison, whose friendship I enjoyed for many years, was accurate to the last. The "soft brown hair," had, indeed, become white; but the "expression of great sweetness," to which was added a look of perfect peace, was unchanged. Yet I may quote an incident from Mrs. Harrison's early life which seemed to me when I read it to characterize her exactly, as I knew her fifty years or more afterwards. A neighbour being in great grief, walked up and down her garden, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Anna watched her go up and down with slow steps, and the longer she watched, the more vivid became her sympathy. 'What can I do for her?' thought she—when suddenly an idea occurred. Her greatest treasures were a set of little play tea-things—she would give her these. Accordingly she ran into the house, and fetched them thence, and with these jingling in her pinafore, she

crept through a thin place in the garden fence, stood before the poor lady, and, with tears in her eyes, said, opening her pinafore, 'Do not cry so, Mrs. Gilbert, and I will give you these. I am so sorry for you, and will give you all my doll's tea-things.'"

My Own Story throughout is full of quaintness and interest. The children were very much secluded by their parents; and, says Mrs. Howitt:—

"Boys, I remember, seemed to me a wild kind of strange animal with which it was hardly creditable, and by no means desirable, to have anything to do; and when a stranger once asked, 'Have you any brothers?' one of us replied with great gravity, and a sense of great propriety, 'O no; our father and mother do not approve of boys!'"

But a word must be said of a servant who had perhaps more influence in diverting the bent of Mary's mind than even her mother. She was "a singularly gifted woman, if not a woman of genius," endowed with "remarkable points of observation, a retentive memory, a turn for all that was picturesque and traditional, considerable superstition, and a remarkable faculty for relating anything clearly and effectively." Her numerous stories were narrated in country language, "to which," says Mrs. Howitt, "I trace my great love of dialect;" and her inventive powers must have been considerable. "She knew the house where a hobthrush had helped the farmer's family for years; she knew haunted bridges and stiles; her own father's waggon had been tied so firmly to a rush, that the team of six horses could not draw it thence," and so on. "She was a sort of humble Bishop Percy, and she knew by heart every song that ever swung in the wind on a ballad-monger's stall." It is easy to trace in Mrs. Howitt's literary work the results of this early training, to which, indeed, she attributed her "flights into the region of romance;" and if we add to this the influence of their governess—who "would take a little flower in her hand, and preach such a sermon from it as would make the hearts of her young auditors burn within them: she saw the love which we had for

nature; she had it too, and she sympathized with us"—we can understand how it was that Anna and Mary Botham acquired those tastes and pursuits which were a happiness to them throughout their lives.

The early ideas of the children regarding Catholics were curiously mixed. "We had a dim idea of what Catholics were—*Papists* we had also heard them called, and when so called, we always thought of bloody Queen Mary, and the faggot, and the rack. We thought, too, of those 'dark ages of Papacy,' of which we had heard our father speak, and which always had impressed upon my mind an idea of the daylight itself being dim then—a sort of natural obscuration over anything. I had not then taken into my mind the idea of a moral darkness." This passage occurs in connection with a proposed visit to Caverswall Castle, "an old moated house, which was about to be purchased by some rich Catholics, who were refugees from France, and was to become immediately a nunnery." It is now the property of one of the Wedgwood family. "Our father did not talk of these people as *Papists*, but as *Catholics*, as refugee Catholics; and we instantly had the greatest regard for them, as being persecuted by that arch tormentor, Napoleon." Many years later—some seven or eight after her marriage—she again visited Caverswall, and brought back a doll-nun for one of her nieces, and an ivory crucifix. "She showed this to me," writes her niece, "and my mother said, 'Mary, does thee not think it is wrong to have such a piece of idolatry as that figure?' My aunt, I remember, smiled, and said, 'Well, yes, Anna dear, I dare say it is, but I bought it because it seemed to me so beautiful. I shall give it away, no doubt.'"

In a brief sketch such as this, it is impossible to give anything like a detailed biography of Mary Howitt. Nor is this necessary; for she has written the account of her life* in a simple straightforward way that lends to

* *Mary Howitt, an Autobiography, edited by her daughter.* Isbister and Co., 1889. The portrait prefixed to this sketch is taken by permission from the Autobiography.

it a special charm. One fact may be noted: her mother, actuated by that "ardent craving for spiritual light and rest," which later led her daughter into the One Fold, was at one time "led to inquire into the Catholic Faith," and even contemplated entering a convent. She, however, yielded to an earlier influence, and joined the Society of Friends.

In the spring of 1821, Mary Botham became the happy wife of William Howitt. He too was of Quaker parentage, although his father was the first of his line who had joined the Society of Friends. The Howitts had, from the days of Queen Elizabeth, belonged to the Church of England. Indeed several of the name had successively held the family living at Eastwood in Nottinghamshire; and according to Rutter's *History of the Sufferings of the Society of Friends*, a certain Parson Howitt, rector of Eastwood, was a bitter persecutor of the Quakers in the days of George Fox. Family tradition describes these ancestral clergymen as hunting, shooting, and indulging in every excess of eating and drinking.

It is impossible for us in these days of electricity and universal education to realise the condition of rural England, when William Howitt was born in the remote Derbyshire village of Heanor, December 18th, 1792. An immoral pluralist held the living, and neglected his uncouth, uneducated parishioners, the majority being human creatures of violent passions and eccentric humours. News crept at a snail's pace, yet brought with it subtle influences of the French Revolution, already in the rise of its terror. Around the upland village spread a solitary, sylvan and pastoral region, interspersed with many a stately hall and castle. These elements and scenes must be borne in mind, if we desire to comprehend his spiritual career and that of his sympathetic wife.

The Quaker bride spent the first months of her married life at Hanley, in the Potteries. It was a region of dissenting chapels, yet there was no Friends' meeting-house. There is a saying that the first Sunday after her marriage, she appeared at the Catholic Chapel: but of this, she herself

retained no recollection. Be it as it may, Catholics interested her; they were, like Quakers, still under the political ban; they were moreover the faithful guardians of mediæval Christianity.

Uttoxeter was within easy reach of Hanley. Thus after a visit to the paternal home, when the return journey had been made in the public conveyance, which was driven by a certain Dawson, general carrier, she writes to her sister Anna:—"7th Day. 6 Mo. 23, 1821. My unworldly companion I found a very chatty, communicative personage; and being as she said connected with the Catholics, I had a full account of their most worthy priest at Cresser, his poverty, his charity, his dislike of fat parsons, his abstemiousness: then the particulars of a Catholic club to meet and dine at Draycot the next day. And when we arrived and alighted at Draycot I found the inn full of good things for the approaching feast, and the old landlady scolding bitterly because 'that Dawson there' had not brought the full complement of new potatoes; so that I hoped for once in the year the poorly-fed priest might console himself with a good dinner."

We cannot pass over unnoticed the literary career of Mrs. Howitt. Her works fill some forty pages of the British Museum Catalogue, and date from 1823, in which year *The Forest Minstrel*, by William and Mary Howitt, made its appearance: she had married in 1821. There is evidently more of the wife than the husband in this little book, and this, I believe, was the case with other works published in both names. It is noteworthy that the Preface recognizes while it justifies, the "latitude of phrase and of sentiment which as members of the Society of Friends we have allowed ourselves." In her novel *Wood Leighton*, published in 1836, the scene of which was laid in the neighbourhood of Uttoxeter, the unprejudiced treatment of Catholic matters, and the sympathetic sketch of the "poor but pious" Father Cradock, must have been noticed at a time when the new Oxford school was directing attention towards Rome.

In 1847, Mrs. Howitt published her volume of *Ballads*.

In this volume her best poetical work is to be found, and affection for the old religion is continually manifesting itself, notably in "Lilian May, an Easter Legend;" "The Sin of Earl Walter;" the "Abbey Garden;" and "Willie o'Wyburn." The last she was anxious should be re-issued by the Catholic Truth Society, in the work of which she was warmly interested. "The Poor Man's Garden" is a beautiful little poem: and "The Fairies of the Caldon Low" deservedly finds a place in more than one selection of our best ballads.

The preface to the *Ballads*, with its incidental remark, "The love of Christ, of the poor, and of little children, always were and will be ruling sentiments of my soul," is very characteristic. The remainder of her literary work consisted of other volumes of verse on birds, insects, and flowers; translations of the works of Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish authoress, who owed to Mary Howitt her introduction to the English-speaking public; two or three novels; the translation of Hans Andersen's *Improvisatore;* stories for children, many with a deep but not disagreeably obtruded moral purpose, which are still from time to time reprinted; biographical sketches, and contributions to various periodicals; besides various works published in the joint names of herself and her husband, in which it is understood that she had the larger share.

In August, 1847, the Howitts sent in their resignation of membership to the Society of Friends. In so doing they still both adhered to its essential principles, being desirous merely to free themselves from its thraldom in speech, garb and other externals. Steady and consistent in his views, Mr. Howitt gave vent to his religious aspirations by communings with his Saviour in the great temple of Nature: a practice which he continued to his life's end. The Sunday was hallowed to him as a day of rest, when he delighted to ramble alone in some beautiful scene, with his Greek Testament.

It will have been manifest that Mrs. Howitt was free from much of the prejudice which is, as Cardinal Newman has shown, "the strength of the Protestant view;" and it

has also been evident that many of the aspects of Catholicity had a distinct attraction for her. But, especially in these later days, it is within the experience of each one of us that something more than this freedom from prejudice and sympathy with the Church is needed for conversion. The agnostic and the ritualist, each from his own stand-point, feels the attraction of Catholicity; but as a thing outside him, not as a matter which is of vital importance. He may go so far as to echo the words,

> O that thy creed were sound,
> For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome!

but he will not follow their author through the ways which led him to find that the Church not only soothed the heart but satisfied the mind of the earnest seeker after truth.

It never, however, occurred to her at this critical epoch to enquire into the tenets of the Catholic Church; although, unlike her husband, she felt a great necessity to embody her deep religious sentiment in some form.

They were now residing at Clapton near London, amongst kind-hearted, well-to-do Nonconformists, who were troubled that William and Mary Howitt did not belong formally to one of the great religious bodies, urging that much material advantage might thus accrue both to themselves and their children.

The Rev. Thomas Binney, a most forcible and eloquent preacher, whose congregation consisted nearly entirely of city men, to whom he expounded the advisability of making the best of both worlds, gave Mrs. Howitt much satisfaction through his vigour and honest convictions. She never attended his ministry or read his books, but confided to him in social life her earnest desire to be "converted." He assured her that in his own experience "he had never met with any real sudden conversion, the progress of the soul to be permanent must be slow and steady."

Another excellent man, an Independent, believing that with her unfeigned piety she might become a useful

contributor to the Tract Society, urged her to make the attempt. Her effort was not successful. Very repugnant to her mind and her sense of true religious teaching was the cut and dried phraseology with which the books of Charlotte Elizabeth and her religious sisterhood were filled. She could not make use of it, she did not understand this, to her, literally dead language. She could not utter the shibboleth of the Protestant Evangelical world; it convinced her that she had no part and parcel in it. If she had to teach religion, it must be through morality and domestic affection.

These feelings were strengthened by her husband and herself having, like many other Quakers, intuitively imbibed Unitarian views of the Deity, and by personal acquaintance with Dr. Sadler. Humble, gentle, poetic, he adored the Man-Jesus as the Redeemer of the world, and aimed, for His sake, to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind. Mrs. Howitt attended his chapel at Hackney, and when he removed to Hampstead, there also; and she took her two younger children with her, that their moral horizon might be expanded by sermons on Justice, Beauty and Humanity.

This state of things lasted until 1852, when Mr. Howitt accompanied his two sons to Australia. During the outward voyage to the Antipodes, at that time of three months' duration, he commenced and completed, with the assistance of his elder son, a translation of Dr. Ennemoser's *History of Magic*. This MS., transmitted home for publication by Mr. Bohn in one of his useful series, was seen through the press by Mrs. Howitt and her elder daughter. It turned the attention of the entire family to occult science, and re-awakened that dormant belief in apparitions, dreams and supernatural warnings, inherited from Botham and Howitt forefathers, who certainly had had many experiences.

At this very time, too, Spiritualism, in the form of hat and table-turning had been imported from America. Mr. Howitt, on his arrival from Australia, like his wife rather laughed at than believed in such manifestations. In April, 1856, however, she had a curious experience at

a séance held at Professor De Morgan's, which made her husband and elder daughter warmly take up the subject; and it soon entirely satisfied them, although it did not satisfy her.

William Howitt hoped and believed that Spiritualism would prove a grand, heaven-sent expansion of the teaching of early Friends; and when settled at West Lodge, Highgate, he devoted his entire time and thought to the subject. His wife attended the Church of England services, but found no life in them. She did the same with the Independents, and even took the Sacrament with them, but found there no life. She prayed daily, hourly, most fervently; and strange as it may seem, often found the deepest comfort and support in the revelations of Spiritualism. She and her husband never sought communications without prayer or the reading of the Bible. They often seemed literally to converse with angels. One who knew her well, and to whom I am indebted for much information, says that it was through the influence of this delusion that a belief in the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity was awakened in both—so wonderfully does God overrule everything to His own purpose!—and it was then that the phrase "our dear Lord," became familiar to her lips. However this may be, when she became a Catholic Mrs. Howitt was emphatic in her denunciation of Spiritualism, which, she said on one occasion, "was one of the greatest misfortunes that ever visited us. It was false—all false, and full of lies. Revelations seemed to come from the other world, and they were nothing but suggestions of the devil. I look upon it as all false and wrong." She was not at rest, and in June, 1863, purchased her first Catholic prayer book, *The Garden of the Soul.*

In 1870 she, with her husband and younger daughter, permanently commenced residing abroad. Each winter they dwelt in Rome; and it was here that William Howitt "in submission to his Redeemer, and in love to all mankind, passed away on March 3rd, 1879." On May 26th of 1880, his widow laid the first stone of the house which her daughter Margaret built for her at Meran in the Tyrol,

calling it by the pretty name of *Marienruhe* (Mary's Rest)—a title to become appropriate in more senses than one.

We have a retrospective glance at some of the events of these later years in the following letter, written by Mrs. Howitt to a beloved niece in America, and sent from the home in Meran:—

"Of course you know what a Friend's education is. In the case of your dear mother and me, we were taught nothing on religion. All was left, and I think must have been prayerfully though silently left, to the Holy Spirit, which was thought all-sufficient to lead us children into all Truth. It did operate most probably on the pure, gentle spirit of your dear mother; and to a certain degree no doubt on mine also, because as I have said, I think our parents must have pleaded prayerfully for us, though in silence and unknown to us; and also because I believe that throughout the grievous and most sorrowful mistakes of my long life, a something far higher than myself has brought me to where I now stand, and where it seems to me I am now in the path of light and truth.

"It was of the Divine grace that I never lost my love of the Lord, even in my Unitarian days. He was still my Guide and Teacher. He was the idol of my soul's love and worship. When my dear daughter Annie was a child, how she and I loved Him, and talked of Him and His teaching! I have a pleasure and comfort in remembering this, Unitarian though I was—at least so I considered myself.

"Your dear uncle sympathised and was one in spirit with me, whilst always holding fast by what he considered the great fundamental principles of Friends. Yet even he was never a regular attendant of Friends' Meetings. As years went on and life was very full of interests of various kinds and troubles came, and disappointment and loss, and the heart was heavy with cares and anxieties, I seemed to lose Unitarianism and come nearer in degree to Christ as God. But everything was so vague, and nowhere was a true teacher to be found, for the few preachers or clergymen I knew did not inspire me with implicit confidence.

"Then came Spiritualism, and now I thought to my great joy that this was the promise of the Last Days, fulfilled; this was the mysterious coming of the Holy Spirit. For several years we believed and hoped that Spiritualism was God's Truth, was the Revelation of the long promised Holy Spirit; and because prayer for the Truth and for a divine enlightenment was constantly in our hearts, we were kept from the full evil of it. But by the time we left England, as it proved for the last time, in 1870, I at least was dissevered from Spiritualism and began again to long for the true light.

"I also began to desire the benefit and blessing of the holy rite of Baptism. It was offered to me by two clergymen of the Church of England, at various times, several years apart. In the first instance I had not desired it, not understanding it in its higher significance. In the second, it was one summer that we were all together at our favourite home at Dietenheim in Tyrol, when a good, simple minded clergyman of the English Church wished in Christian love to administer it. I mentioned his wish to your uncle, who had no objection; but as he did not see the necessity of it for himself, and I would not receive it alone, it was not administered.

"So years went on, I feeling more and more that I needed some living faith, some sure anchor within my soul. During the latter part of our life in Rome we were led more and more amongst Catholics. We knew the English clergymen in Rome, but to none of them could I have spoken on a religious subject. Never indeed had I been able to find any two clergymen or dissenting preachers who agreed, or who knew exactly what they had to teach.

"My dear husband passed away peacefully in Rome and lies now in the cemetery he loved, with space for me beside him. We left for Tyrol a few months later in May, 1879. I was not well, and not fit to return the following winter. We loved Tyrol. It seemed to us as if God led us here. And here again it was that I thought that the unbaptised needed Baptism, and I

would seek for peace, if God so pleased, in that way. Tyrol is all Catholic; nevertheless as Baptism is simply Baptism, what should hinder but that I might be baptised as was the eunuch whom Philip fell in with. Therefore I went with a dear friend of mine to the Prince-Bishop of Brixen, a very good old man, to tell him my strait and ask him to perform the rite. But, said he, 'That must make you Catholic, are you that?' I could not say that I was; therefore I came away as I went.

"The next year, 1882, on May 26th, I was fully baptised according to the ancient formula of the early Church. Margaret had been received two years before, and I was quite ready for it; and I have had peace ever since."

We may add to the above, that as early as 1872 the heirs of the Catholic convert and religious painter, Overbeck, were desirous that Miss Margaret Howitt should become his biographer, and had committed to her keeping all his private papers. Numerous letters on disputed points of doctrine and Church history formed part of the collection; and Miss Howitt not only read these, but also every accessible book to which reference was made in them. In the end she became convinced of the truth of the Faith which Overbeck professed, and was received into the Church.

Mrs. Howitt, who gave her daughter some assistance in her work had become interested and sympathetic. She acquired a taste for Catholic literature; and in the winter of 1879–80 read *All for Jesus* by Father Faber. In the chapter on Intercessory Prayer she met with the following passage, which we give in its entirety, as every sentence made her better realise and admire the mission of the Catholic Church:—

"One of the most divine and striking characteristics of the Catholic religion is the Communion of Saints, the way in which everything belongs to everybody, and nobody has any spiritual property of his own. The merits and satisfactions of our dear Lord, the joys and woes of Mary, the patience of the martyrs, the perseverance of confessors, and the purity of virgins, they all belong to all of us. Just as the blood circulates from

and to the heart all over the body, so in the Church there is no division or separation. Heaven, purgatory and earth, it is all one body. We interchange our merits, we circulate our prayers, we pass on our joys, we infect with our troubles, we use each other's satisfactions as they come to hand. We have all sorts of relations with Heaven, and we know exactly how to manage them. As to Purgatory, we have a regular science, and endless practical methods for it, and we are quite at home in them: while on earth kith and kin, blood and country, Jew, Greek, Scythian, bond and free, it is all one. This is what strikes heretics as so very portentous about us; there is no other word than portentous for it. We talk of the other world, as if it was a city we were familiar with from long residence; just as we might talk of Paris, Brussels or Berlin. We are not stopped by death. Sight is nothing to us; we go beyond it as calmly as possible. We are not separated from our dead. We know the Saints a great deal better than if we had lived with them upon earth. We talk to the Angels in their different choirs as if they were, as they are, our brothers in Christ. We use beads, medals, crucifixes, holy water, indulgences, sacraments, sacrifices, for all this, as naturally as pen, ink and paper, or axe and saw, or spade and rake, for our earthly work. We have no sort of distrust about the matter. We are all one household and there is an end of it. The Blessed Lord God is our Father; His dear Majesty is our affair; our Elder Brother created us and has our own nature; Mary is our Mother; the Angels and the Saints are all the kindest and most familiar of brothers; so we go up and down stairs, in and out, and to each other's rooms, just as it may be; there is no constraint about it at all; the air of the place is simply an intense filial love of the Father, whom we all adore: so that our reverence is a children's reverence and our fear a children's fear."

Human words are powerless to describe the love and thanksgiving which filled Mary Howitt's soul by this revelation of the Catholic Church. It was precisely what both her husband and she had earlier hungered

and thirsted for in Spiritualism—the Communion of Saints, union with "the spirits of just men made perfect."

From that date she perused solely Catholic religious works. But although this passage in *All for Jesus* was a turning point in her life, with the exception of *The Creator and the Creature* and *Ethel's Book*, she read none other of his writings. Gushing fervour and impassioned out-pourings of adoration somehow overpowered her spirit. Hence when she became a *bona fide* Catholic, she never used emotional forms of devotion, but always selected the Missal as her prayer-book for Mass; and now in her quest after truth cared merely for works of great breadth and solid piety and preferably those of St. Augustine, Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning. The more closely she looked into the subject, the more clearly did she perceive that Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, the Son of God, was, in the most vital sense, the teacher, friend and elder brother of every pious Catholic and that not a promise of His was left unfulfilled. "Poor, dry, barren life, full of disappointments and vain efforts after shadows," she would say, "becomes so different, when you find the little bits of sublime truth, which have been the comfort and hope of your life hitherto, certified and proved by the experience of great and good men, who do not speak from any fond fancy, but out of their own knowledge obtained from the Divine source."

Nevertheless, she did not wish to be received into the Catholic Church, fearing that such a step would be disrespectful to the memory of her husband.

But a dream—a vision—or what seemed to her a supernatural warning—left her no room for doubt, and led to the happy issue which had been so long delayed. "The end is come, and thou art not saved." These words seemed to sound through her room with awful distinctness, rousing Mrs. Howitt from her sleep, and indeed destroying, at any rate for that night, the possibility of further repose. While under its influence a visitor came to her house—Father de Robiano, a Dominican. "I had always a prejudice against the Dominicans," Mrs.

Howitt would say when narrating this event; "they had been persecutors, and I had therefore conceived a dislike to them one and all. So as this gentleman was coming on this particular day, I arranged with Meggie that she should do the talking and entertaining, whilst I would make the tea, for, you see, I did not wish to have to be polite to him." But the sight of this dreaded visitor removed all prejudice. When he entered the room, "a tall, grand man, in the beautiful white robe of his Order, I looked up, and such a strange feeling came over me—it might have been the figure of our Lord."

The good Father was indeed destined to receive into God's Church this soul, as he had before reconciled many others. After a period of instruction, which was not a long one—for the careful reading of many years had produced its effect—Mary Howitt became a Catholic on May 26th, 1882. "I was received with every solemnity and every ceremony that has come down for eighteen hundred years for the baptism of adults. Nothing was omitted, no single detail was left out; it is a grand ceremony and a mysterious rite, and I am thankful it was done in completeness."

Some years later, Mrs. Howitt remarks in her diary:—

"Sunday, July 24, 1887.—Having been to church, I read afterwards a sermon of Cardinal Newman's on Faith and Doubt, in which occurs a passage on the various states of mind in which enquirers enter the Catholic Church. He says:—'God deals with them differently; but if they are faithful to their light, at last in their own time, though it may be a different time in each, He brings them to that one and the same state of mind very definite and not to be mistaken, which we call *conviction*. They will have no doubt, whatever difficulties may still attach to the subject, that the Church is from God, they may not be able to answer this objection or that, but they will be certain in spite of it.'* This was exactly my own state of mind, when I entered the Catholic Church."

From this time until her death, no doubt or perplexity crossed her mind. Her loving intercourse with friends

* *Discoveries to Mixed Congregations.* Sixth edition, p. 235.

and relatives in England was in no way interfered with by her change of belief; and her constant hope and prayer was that they might find the peace which was so dear to her. In one of her letters, written from Rome in November, 1887—a birthday letter, full of kind wishes and loving words—she says:

"I wish it was possible to send you the best of all—a deep and penetrating sense of the truth and vitality of the Catholic faith. But if this great blessing is to be given to you, it will come at the right time; and we shall have a great rejoicing, and you too, perhaps, may have to come to Rome. I must say, though, I have not found all quite as much to my mind or to my requirements as I did at Meran, and yet in so many ways I prefer the life here to that of Meran—or perhaps rather to that of Tyrol—pleasant and simple and quiet as it was, and those are the other main elements which make life congenial to me. However, my life has been all along so rich in blessings that I have nothing to do but to give thanks."

To another she wrote, not many days before her death:

"It is very pleasant to be thus kindly welcomed back by such of our old Roman friends as are still residing here, and by so many others with whom we have become acquainted of later years, so that we now find ourselves in the midst of a much larger circle of intelligent, kind, and enlightened people than it has ever been our happiness to enjoy before."

Much as she appreciated these congenial surroundings, they were not altogether without their drawbacks; for in another letter she says:—

"We have companionship and visiting—almost more than we desire—only it seems ungrateful to say so, among the kind and faithful friends we have. But, dearest M——, you can understand that at my age, and now in Rome, my desire is to lead, as much as I possibly can, a calm quiet, and almost, so to say, introverted life. I want to be nearer to our Lord than I ever was before; to centre my whole being in Him, as it were: but it is very difficult to practise this when we are surrounded by outward influences, which, though not adverse to this,

are yet not in daily, not to say *hourly*, kinship with it."

The last public appearance of Mrs. Howitt was at the head of the English pilgrims who in January, 1888, approached the Holy Father. She had been unwell some time previously—troubled with cold and other weaknesses—but it was an intense joy to her to take part in this loving tribute of affection to the Holy Father on the part of his English children.

The account of this, and of the closing of her earthly life early in the morning of the 30th of January, 1888, can best be told in the simple words of her daughter written just after Mrs. Howitt's decease:—

"I may truly say I never saw any one happier than she has been these last few months. . . . A cold about Christmas time made us quite dismiss all idea for the moment of her taking part in the English deputation, and so anxious were we that she should run no risk that it was left an open question to the last moment. The morning was, however, most beautiful and springlike, and as, by the kindness of friends, every facility for her easy access to the Holy Father had been attained, she went, and was presented to him without any fatigue. The moment he saw her he welcomed her with the most cordial benignity, speaking of her going to 'Paradiso,' words which are remembered by us all, and more especially as they gave her such rapture at the time. So that her interview with the great and loving Vicar of Christ was to her a foretaste of Heaven. I am told that the Holy Father, now informed of her decease, will remember her in his Mass to-morrow morning. The Requiem Mass is to be for her in St. Isidore to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and in the afternoon, by permission of the Cardinal Vicar, she is to be interred by the side of my father in the Protestant cemetery. Every wish of her heart is thus fulfilled."

I cannot close this brief sketch of a beautiful life better than by giving two extracts—the first from an appreciative notice by Mr. Josiah Gilbert, published in the *British Weekly* for Feb. 10, 1888—a notice which is perhaps all

the more interesting on account of the tinge of unintelligent Protestantism it displays, and for a certain sympathy with Mrs. Howitt's change of faith.

"In the autumn of 1882* I was in Tyrol. William Howitt had died at Rome, and the dear lady and her daughter were alone at Dietenheim, where my wife and I visited them. The evening before we left I was alone with my old friend in the balcony, far more interested in her talk than in the noble prospect and its deepening shadows. Her thoughts were evidently turning towards the faith her daughter had already embraced. She spoke of the deep piety she had found among their Roman Catholic friends; she was surprised at their knowledge of the Scriptures. I asked whether she found them as intimate with the writings of our Lord's Apostles as with the narratives of His life on earth? That she could not say. But, while regretting the particular direction that her piety was taking, I could not but feel that it was a step upward in the spiritual life. She was being delivered from the cold region of Unitarianism and the miasmatic bog of Spiritualism, and finding a true peace in that Catholic faith which, with all its perversions and lamentable accretions, is yet centred upon Christ. When three years later she lost her brightly-gifted eldest daughter, Mrs. Watts, who died at Dietenheim from a cold blast of death, issuing, as her mother wrote to me, 'from that melancholy Taufers Thal,' I wrote to her expressing my feeling that the faith to which I then knew she had given her adhesion would thus prove a special help and comfort to her. I may be allowed to quote a few words from her reply. After describing her daughter's funeral, who, though a Protestant, was permitted to find a grave in the small 'God's acre' of the village church, she wrote, 'Never a day has passed since without flowers being laid on the grave, hardly a peasant passes without a prayer. Don't call it Catholic mummery, dear friend, for they loved and honoured her, and she was Catholic enough herself to believe that few go to the grave so

* This is a mistake: the visit described took place on July 14th, 1881.

ready for the full blessedness of Heaven, that a prayer for the repose of their soul may not be acceptable to them. However, so it is, dear friend, and I do thank you and bless you for the liberality of your faith, which allows you to give me credit for some good reason for settling in my old age at last, after having tried for half a century to find peace in almost every other shade of religious opinion, in what I must believe is the true faith come down from the teaching of our dear and blessed Lord Himself.'"

Of still greater interest and value is the following account of Mrs. Howitt, kindly sent me by a Catholic friend who enjoyed her intimacy during the later years of her life.

"Her courtesy of manner and the genuine honesty and extreme simplicity of her character, together with the great power she possessed of entering into the feelings and interests of others, won the hearts of all who came in contact with her. Her humility was most striking; she would never listen to a word of praise, and when any one alluded to her fame as an authoress, she would say, 'My writings are of a bygone age, and no one cares for them now: there have been so many better writers since my time.' After she became a Catholic, she used to speak of herself as a baby in the Faith, learning day by day fresh truths and discovering new beauties in the faith she had adopted. Her whole countenance would become suffused with the peace and joy she had found in the one true fold, and she used to yearn after the souls she loved who were still outside it. The Penny Catechism was her constant companion, and she would have liked everyone she knew to possess a copy of it. There was nothing she enjoyed more than to converse with fellow-Catholics on the great truths of her religion. Every day she seemed to become more strengthened in the faith and to realize in a striking degree the Communion of Saints, more especially the presence and communion of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, to whose protection, guidance, and intercession she would attribute the daily events of her life. She took

the greatest delight in reading the works of the early Fathers, which she would say could not fail to bring Protestants into the Church, if only they could be brought to read them. Her intellect remained strong and powerful to the last, while the truthfulness and simplicity of her character kept her from being tainted by the false maxims of the world, and made her most unwilling to believe evil of others. She was always the same kind and affectionate friend—offering a hearty welcome to all her visitors. The bright cheerful afternoon tea at Marienruhe was a great attraction for whoever had the privilege of her friendship. Hospitality reigned throughout; and conversation, edifying and lively, used to act as a tonic to any guest who might be feeling depressed, while indeed it produced an invigorating effect on all, who would leave the house the better and happier for their visit. Alas! it is sad to feel those refreshing hours of conversation can never return. In dear Mrs. Howitt, poor as well as rich have lost a friend, and no one in distress ever appealed in vain to her loving sympathy. She was always thinking how she could aid and comfort others.

"A quiet life with her books and writing was what she delighted in, and even to the last she took interest in the politics and literature of the day, and above all, in the welfare of the Church. She had a passionate love of flowers, and the garden at Marienruhe gave her endless pleasure. She had it laid out after her own design, and would delight in examining each cherished flower and shrub—many of them favourites of her early life—giving directions to the gardener, gathering the choice roses and sending them to those who had no garden of their own. She had a summer-house looking on the grand mountains which surround Meran, and in this she spent many happy hours reading or writing. The Prince-Bishop of Trent kindly gave permission for a little chapel in the house, in consideration of her great age. Always once a week, and sometimes more frequently, a good Benedictine Father used to come and celebrate Holy Mass, for which the dear old lady

was most grateful. On leaving the chapel after one of these celebrations, she would say, 'O, is it not delightful, isn't it a blessing!'

"Mrs. Howitt was possessed of strong health and a vigorous constitution, but before the last fatal attack of bronchitis she had suffered from previous ones, and in one of these her life was despaired of. This happened when she was staying at her summer home at Dietenhem, and at her advanced age her recovery seemed almost miraculous. Before leaving Meran for Rome, on bidding adieu to a friend, she was much affected, and said, 'We may not meet again,' and she added that although she much anticipated being again in Rome and receiving the Holy Father's blessing, she feared she might find too much society there, whereas her great desire was to spend the remainder of her life in contemplation and in visits to the holy places. We all dreaded the long journey for her, but she bore it wonderfully, and described her life in Rome as one of great peace and happiness. Then she obtained her heart's desire of receiving the Holy Father's blessing, when she seemed to have nothing more to wish for but to die and be laid by the side of her husband. In a letter I received from her, written on the 16th of January, 1888, she wrote of the unspeakable peace and joy that blessing had imparted to her, and of the feeling she had when in the Vatican of being in her Father's house. Her last words in that last letter to me were: 'Dear, dear, friend, I wish you were here that I could talk over with you the wonderful and gracious event of the past week. Many mercies are connected with it which will remain with me to the end of my days, as signal tokens of Divine love. Dear friend, I do not think that we have any idea what is the condescension of God, until some merciful deliverance from perplexity or suffering suddenly reveals it;' and here her part of the letter ends, for it was finished by her daughter. The beginning of the end had come, and on the 30th she was called away to her Father's House above."

The Mass.*

By B. F. C. COSTELLOE, M.A.

The man who proposes to discuss "The Mass" with an agnostic audience may fairly be charged with temerity, for there is not one of the institutions of the world which has been so great a stumbling-block to the majority of modern Englishmen as the great historic and spiritual fact which is the subject of this address.

I have chosen it for two converse reasons. To all Catholics it is, and has been since Christianity began, the very heart and centre of the spiritual life. To the average Englishman it must long have seemed to be a relic of barbarism and a psychological enigma. The very name of the "Mass" has been for centuries a byword in this land, connoting to the unheeding generations only an exploded superstition and an aimless mummery.

In our own time, since Protestantism of the original type has begun to give way before the advance of a more consistent unbelief, the great names and uses of the Church have not been visited with so much obloquy,—perhaps, with some, because they have been relegated to a deeper contempt. Yet I dare to hold and say that what lack there is about us of sympathy, of respect, nay of belief, is in the main the outcome, not of an evil will, but of a lack of opportunity; and for that reason I make bold to try if at least some poor beginning may be made, by setting forth the Catholic beliefs in language less strange to your own habits of thought than is the common language of our books of doctrine or devotion.

That the task is beyond me, I know only too well. I have neither the knowledge nor the spiritual insight,

* An address delivered at South Place Institute, March, 1889, before a non-Catholic audience.

neither the preparatory training nor the official authority, which that man must have who would state the truths of God to this hurrying generation. Yet there lies on all of us a duty, when occasion comes, to do our little spell of work in building up the roads of truth. In the day of beginnings we may be able to do little; but if we do our little work, in God's own time "that prophet" shall arise. London is not more proud of the swift advance of culture than was Florence in its new birth of knowledge and triumphant art; yet Savonarola led Florence captive, in the power of God. London is not half so hopeless of Christianity, not half so sunk in the mad endeavour to fill up the void of the spirit with the sweet things of the flesh, as was the Paris of fifty years ago: and yet all Paris was swept into reverent attention by the voice of Lacordaire. Pray with me, my friends, if you still pray, that God may send His prophet unto us also—if it be but as one crying in the wilderness,—that after all the long confusion the way of the Lord may be made straight again.

I have said that to the majority of the English people the Mass is a byword; and yet there is a large and important section of them who have been drifting steadily towards all forms of Catholic usage and belief. You who are not of them may mix but little among them; but if any man would reckon with the currents of the time, he cannot overlook the startling growth of a pro-Catholic party in England. I do not mean the mere triflers in ecclesiastical fancy-work: I mean those capable and earnest men who speak of sacramental, of Eucharistic doctrine, in terms an outsider could not easily distinguish from our own. The fact has its significance, even for the world of unbelief. If you count those who, since Newman, have joined the Church outright, with those who have come so close to it that for this purpose they are our allies, you will find that there is a Catholic school of thought among you which may well claim a respectful hearing. Men who are eminent in politics ought to be no bad judges of a thing so human as religious tendencies: and it is a curious fact that the actual chiefs of both the political parties are earnest and avowed believers in almost all that I shall have to

state to you to-day as the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharistic office.

Such things do not begin to prove that our belief is true ; but they do prove that it is not incredible.

How shall a man begin to speak of it ? To us of the family of the faith it is a fact so familiar, so closely woven in with all we know of God and of the spiritual experience. that we hardly put it into words. You may haunt our ceremonies and know our printed prayers by heart, yet if you do not bring to them some kind of Catholic sense, you may find but the tinkling cymbal and the sounding brass. In the first ages it was pre-eminently "the secret"—that fact of the new life so holy, so beloved, that no profane eye should see it, and that none but they who were prepared to love it should even know the mystery. We have fallen far, in these easy times, below the fervour of their devotion ; yet in our sense the same is true of us. To-day, as then,—in this city, as in the catacombs,—it is the secret of holy souls, the guarded heart of fire in many a commonplace, unnoticed life. Outwardly it may often seem a trivial thing, with tinkling bells and inartistic ornament; but equally in the silence and the song, in the poverty and in the pride, it is the tense communion of our myriads of souls, each for itself and in its own way, with the hidden presence of the Lord.

The Mass is the one essential act of public worship of the Church. Combining the new idea of a sacrament with the old tradition of a sacrifice, it is in truth a hundred things in one—as complete in its real adaptation to every private need as it is rigid in its ritual adherence to the historic liturgy. But above and before all else, it is the commemoration of the death of Christ, and of that Last Supper when He left this ordinance to His disciples, as a momentous legacy and a last command.

There are two linked beliefs relating to that Last Supper, which must be borne in mind by every one who would approach in any honest way the consideration of the Mass. They are the belief that Christ then revealed a sacramental doctrine of the Eucharist, and the belief that He then founded by His recorded words and deeds an ordinance since followed in the liturgies of the

Church. The vindication of these propositions involves, of course, all Catholicism: the testimony and value of the New Testament, the question of the person and office of Christ, the reality of any religion, the personality of God. The Catholic view of the world hangs together; you must take it or reject it as a whole. It is, as I have already sought to show you, * the only consistent Christianity—the only escape from the quicksands of private interpretation and the deep sea of sceptical suspense: and the proof or disproof of this claim is the ultimate question. For the present, however, I take it that the chief desire of my audience is *to know what we mean;* and therefore I say that, for the apprehension of our meaning, you must first realize that we do in truth believe in the reality and significance of the world-historic scene in that Upper Room, and that we find in it the key to and the warrant for the office of the Mass. I think that unbiassed readers will probably agree with us that, if the words recorded were said at all, their sense is not really doubtful. They certainly were not understood in any but the one way, either by the Apostles or their immediate pupils, or by the ages of the Church, or even by the countless heresies, until Luther and his friends went a-hunting for new interpretations.

Recall for a moment the familiar story. The strange sending of Peter and John to claim the room "because the Master's time was near at hand:" the keeping of their last Passover, with all that it implied to them as the central office of the Jewish system, in which the lamb was slain in token of the saving of Israel out of the land of bondage in the early days; the memory in their minds of His repeated prophecies that He would leave them soon, and of that recent scene when the healer of Lazarus rode into Jerusalem, amid the hosannas of the people waving triumphal palms; the sudden shock when Jesus girt Himself with a towel and began to wash the feet of all the Twelve, that, as He said, they might be "wholly clean" for some great event to come; the high words of commission that followed, "I say unto you, he that receiveth whomsoever I send,

* See earlier lecture on "The Church Catholic," also issued by the Catholic Truth Society (1d.)

receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me, receiveth Him that sent me:" and then the culminating words of institution,—concurrently recorded with due care in the three synoptic Gospels, too well known to be repeated in the fourth, but amply witnessed by the Apostolic writings and by the unbroken tradition of the Liturgies,—when (having said, "With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer") "He took bread, and giving thanks He brake it (εὐχαριστήσας ἔκλασε), and gave unto them, saying, Take and eat: This is My Body which is given for you. This do in commemoration of Me." (St. Luke xxii. 19: St. Matt. xxvi. 26: 1 Cor. xi. 24.)

You will know that for the "*Do this*," He uses a word appropriate to a sacrificial act: "Do this office, perform this rite, in memory of Me." You will notice also, that when He identifies the Eucharistic Bread with His Body, He is careful according to all the MSS. to use the present tense, "My Body which is even now being broken," and "being given over to death," for you.

These were strange sayings,—either senseless or supernatural. But the hearers understood. For they remembered that preliminary lesson which John has recorded in his sixth chapter, for the confirming of this very teaching in a later time, when much was in danger of being forgotten or misbelieved. They remembered—how could they forget it?—when to those cavillers who asked for such a sign as was the manna to their fathers, He replied, "*I* am the Bread of Life," "The bread I will give is My *flesh*." The hearers had cried out, "How can this man—this carpenter's son—give us his flesh to eat?" But His words beat down on them again—royal, imperative, unyielding. "I say to you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you. . . . *He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me and I in him*." And now not the Jews only, but almost all His followers, rebelled. "It is a hard saying—who can hear it?" "How can we eat His flesh?" Did He retract, or soften, or explain? Nay; but as He had begun by telling them the work of God was to *believe* Him whom He had sent, so now

in this crisis of their faith. He asked only for belief again. And many—all but the Twelve, it seems—went back and walked with Him no more. Did he say, "Ye have taken a parable too literally?" Did He offer a hidden meaning? He only turned sadly, half wearily, to His Twelve and said, "Will ye too go away?" And Peter answered—not, "It is easy;" not, "We understand;" but with a cry of faith, confident through all strange teaching, even as are we to-day, that His message was Divine—"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

I have said that the writer of the fourth Gospel omits all the words of institution, these being in his day the common knowledge, probably even the settled liturgy, of the Church. But the vast importance which he attaches to the fact is made all the more clear by the wonderful sermon, burning with the Divine Love, and instinct with the idea of the Divine Communion as the root of all the holiness of that new life, which, like the earlier lesson, he alone reports. He wrote somewhere about 100 A.D., long after the story of the Synoptics and the writings of St. Paul were current in the churches. And it is important to notice that the same connection between the idea of the Eucharist, with its sacramental communion, and the idea of the unity of the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ, wherein Christ's life and love must needs be indwelling, had been also worked out in many significant forms by the Pauline Epistles.

It is not possible to detail within any reasonable limits the great number of indications to be found in the New Testament as to the continuance by the earliest followers of Christ of a commemorative rite, in which this "giving of thanks" at the "breaking of the bread" was repeated in an evidently sacramental sense, and as an act of public worship. There is a hint of it even in the story of Emmaus.* But immediately after Pentecost we are told that the converts "continued steadfast in the

* The Church of the Catacombs used the last scene in St. John's Gospel (xxi. 13) as a Eucharistic symbol, as early as 200 A.D.: whether the figurative reference (see St. Augustine *ad loc.*) was as old as the Gospel itself or no, we cannot now say.

Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in the breaking of bread, and the prayers,"—where no doubt this "breaking of bread" is a distinctive observance of the Christians and their προσευχαὶ a known rite. A little later, their action is described by saying that they "continued daily with one accord in the Temple" (at their public resort in Solomon's Porch), and "breaking bread from house to house," as each provided that "upper room" in which they loved to commemorate the Supper of the Lord. In the latter Acts there is a more explicit notice of this same observance, as of a public gathering for worship, in the account, plainly given by a fellow-traveller and eye-witness of St. Paul's visit to the important community at Troas. The writer gives us a graphic picture of the upper chamber, with its many lights. He says that on the first day of the week, when the disciples "came together for the breaking of bread" (apparently now a technical phrase), Paul preached to them, and, intending to depart on the morrow, he continued his discourse till midnight. Then, after describing the accident and the healing which was the occasion of the narrative, he goes straight on—"And having come up again, and having broken bread and eaten, and having conversed with them till the dawn, Paul departed." The impartial reader of this narrative who knows anything of the other evidences concerning the early Church, will see at once that this was a public Sunday service in commemoration of the Supper of the Lord; and that the "breaking of bread" was the characteristic central act, to which St. Paul's sermon was leading up, and which, after the startling interruption, he completed in due form.

It is not possible to escape from the clear meaning as a matter of history (setting aside the question of inspiration) of certain passages of the Epistles, such as chapters x. and xi. of the first letter to the Corinthians, admittedly one of the earliest documents of the Church. It is a sermon against certain laxities, first as to the temple meats, and then as to the misuse of the "Agape,"—the Love-Feast which was combined, as is well known, with the special celebration of the Supper. The whole passage is charged with forms

of expression and turns of thought which evidently refer to the sacramental conception of the Mass as we hold it now. After recalling those types of the sacraments of Christianity which he found in the history of his own people, Paul tells his followers, as the very reason why they may not be partakers of the table of the heathen gods, that they are already partakers of "that one Bread"—"The bread which we break," as he calls it—"which is the communion of the Body of Christ." That "Bread" is *their* sacred sacrifice, and if they hold that communion so lightly as to join in feasts where the things sacrificed to Aphrodite and the rest are eaten, they insult the Lord. In the eleventh chapter he is still more explicit. His warrant for condemning such unseemly things as happened when they "came together for the eating of the Lord's supper," is no other, he tells them, than the *very words* of Christ's institution, which he repeats in full. "I have received of the Lord that which I delivered unto you, that the same night in which He was betrayed He took bread, and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat, this is My Body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of Me." He tells them in plain words that "as often as they eat this bread and drink this cup, they are showing forth the death of the Lord," and he warns them that if they take part therein "unworthily"—if each man does not first prove, examine, assay himself, to see that he is wholly clean from grave offence, and "so eat that bread"—then they shall be "guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord," and it shall bring the uttermost judgments upon them.

I can only indicate this Pauline argument, but every line and word of it strengthens the conclusion that he is referring to an Apostolic archetype of our office of the Mass, and to nothing else. Less distinctly, but with equal truth, the same thing may be said of the argument of the unique Epistle to the Hebrews, of which the keynote is the insistence on the "priesthood according to the order of Melchisedek," who offered the bread and wine.* I

* For the early acceptance of this as a sacramental analogy, see also Clement, Strom. iv. 25: and note the reference to the sacrifice of Melchisedek, Abraham, and Abel, in the Canon of the Mass.

venture to affirm that if there were no other historic basis for the Mass than that which we find within the canon of the New Testament, it would be enough. We do not find any direct account of the liturgical form. The texts we have do not deal with such matters. Yet, even as to this, there is in the same passage of the Corinthians a significant phrase. The gravest abuses they will themselves, he is confident, put away; "the rest," he adds, "I will myself *put in order* when I come." He will regulate, he means, the manner of their observance, that all things may be done, as Clement put it, "decently and in order." We cannot, in the face of the surrounding evidence, doubt that such a settled order did arise. There is thought to be further reference to it in the second chapter of the letters to Timothy (where the names of the different kinds of prayer and the whole context seem to demand such an explanation), and in parts of the Book of the Revelation.* It has even been plausibly maintained by one of the best English scholars that 1 Cor. ii. 9, is a quotation from the Apostolic Liturgy itself.

In my former address,† when I could not foresee that I should be asked to deliver a special lecture on "The Mass," I referred to some part of the further evidence for the Apostolic character of the institution as a whole, which is afforded by a comparison of the most ancient variants of the Liturgy among themselves, and by the concurrent testimony of the earliest writings,

* The framework of the splendid vision in chapters iv. and v. is evident to those who know the ritual of the days of the Catacombs. The Bishop sat on a "throne," a great chair in the centre facing the people, with the altar-table before him, whereon lay in the Mass "the Lamb that was slain." The attendant priests sat on either side,—twelve, and twelve would be a natural arrangement. In the early part of the office, they sang a Hymn of Praise, and brought the book of the gospels with special solemnity to the Bishop. Later on (after the Preface) they sang a Triumphal Hymn —which may well have been in the very words of Rev. v. 12-13. Afterwards, at the Elevation, they fell down and worshipped "the Lamb:" and at the Communion all the people said "Amen." Even the white cloaks (ἱματία) of the twenty-four πρεσβυτέροι, and the lighted lamps, and the "golden goblets full of incense," and the music are probably all derived from the contemporary ritual.

† *The Church Catholic.*

Christian or Pagan, which deal with the matter. Before I revert to that branch of the subject now, it will be well that I should try to state to you in a few words what the office of the Mass in fact contains.

The Liturgies, in spite of wide apparent variation, proceed upon a scheme which is common to them all; and in describing that, I shall be describing with sufficient accuracy the Mass which is celebrated in every Catholic Church to-day. It consists, if we reduce the Liturgies to what I may call their simplest terms, of the actual Commemoration called the "Canon of the Mass," preceded by a double introduction, of which the first part is known as the "Mass of the Catechumens," as distinguished from the "Mass of the Faithful." The central and essential rite was called the Canon because of its close adherence to a "fixed rule." It is in its tenour, and even in much of its diction, alike in all the varying Liturgies. The other sections, being far less important, were to a much greater extent subject to the discretion of bishops, and have undergone local variation and substitution, though even in them we find a wonderful conformity.

The Office of the Catechumens (called "Missa" because it ended in their dismissal) was a public service, not especially eucharistic in its character, but founded for the most part upon the Sabbath service of the Synagogue. It begins now with the "Introit"—the Solemn Entrance of the officiating Bishop or Priest with his attendants, who chant an introductory Psalm. Then come certain very ancient hymns. In the West, we have that triple cry for mercy called the "Kyrie Eleison," and the "Gloria," or Hymn of the Nativity, at first peculiar to Christmas Day (so used before 139 A.D., as it is said), and then extended to ordinary Sundays. In the East, you have the equally ancient "Trisagion." Next come the public prayers named "Collecta" in the West and συνάπτη in the East,—the "gathered-up" petitions of the Church. These are variable in every Western use, according to the day. Then are read portions of the Scripture—an Epistle or Lesson symbolic of the Old Law, and the Gospel setting forth the New. Between these, as the procession carrying with joy the Sacred Book passes along the steps of the

altar, a processional chant called a "Tract" "Sequence," or "Gradual," is sung: and this is the origin of many of those great Latin hymns that all churches borrow. After the Reading comes the Sermon,* upon the close of which the Catechumens were dismissed, and the "Mass of the Faithful" began. That was of course, the "*mysterium*" which the Romans of the third century traduced and jested at—the rite at which the "initiated" only might be present.

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So far I have been seeking to make clear the basis and history of the Mass, and have dealt with it as one of the visible facts of human life. But each of the great institutions of the world is more than a mere fact of history. It is great, because it has behind it a group of and antecedent ideas which it pre-supposes, embodies, translates into the actualities of life. I pass therefore to consider the Mass in this light also.

The fact of knowledge, the existence of ethics, the possibility of political or social life,—all these involve, as any of you who are familiar with Kant's fundamental arguments will allow, certain ideas as the antecedent conditions of their possibility. So also does the existence of religion. It is not, however, to the present purpose to analyse religion as a whole. My task is rather to set out those broad general ideas which are implied in that expression of religion with which we have to deal. I do not disguise from you my conviction that either process would lead to much the same result: but this is not the occasion for so fundamental an enquiry. If you study

the Mass itself, you will observe that the four ideas which stand out as fundamental are: *the need of prayer*, *the fitness of worship*, *the craving for a Divine communion*, and, above all, *the realization of the personal presence of God*. These form what one may call the abstract basis of the Mass—as distinguished from the dogmatic aspect of it already referred to, in which it is the public profession of the Catholic faith, the commemoration of the death of Christ, the fulfilment of His last behest, and the mystical renewal of His sacrifice.

We hold, and I think the candid student will agree, that all the four ideas belong to the very essential character of religion, as distinguished from other ways of spiritual expression, such as ethics or poetry. Ethics is the side of life on which I stand related to an abstract, imperative, rigid law—a pitiless, infinite Yea or Nay. Poetry—indeed, art in general—is that phase of life in which I stand related to an infinite beauty, revealed in endless subtleties of unexpressed suggestion. Religion also is a relation between the finite self and the infinite; but it is distinguished pre-eminently in this, that for it the relation is always and above all things a *personal* one.

That the attribution to infinite being of all we mean, in any positive sense, by personality, is involved not only in ethics but even in knowledge and in all life, is capable, I am certain, of strict proof. But neither in the intellectual nor in the ethical side of things is the personality of the infinite the prominent note. In the religion of intellectual life, the infinite is truth; in the arts, it is beauty; in the ethical world, it is law; but in religion, beyond and above all else, it is love. Knowledge may imply a universal mind, and law may pre-suppose a lawgiver: but love cannot even be stated or thought of but as the love of one person for another.

This spiritual life is the beating heart of the universe. Unless you are audacious enough to say that all the region of the human centuries is a mere absurdity—nay, even if you were—we can with cogent reason appeal to the mere existence of religion as a fact of life, in proof that the infinite distances are not a silent void, that

in the tideless reaches of the past the seeing eye would find, not the blind onset of an iron fate, but the personal tending of a tireless care, and that the shut portals of future shall disclose not death, but the living God.

Now if religion presupposes and means a personal relation between each personal self and a personal God, this common relation would naturally, indeed necessarily, form a bond of community among men; and in every age, accordingly, it has presented itself in public as well as in private forms. All kinds of men have felt that public assemblies for religious observance were a natural need. If one asked, what such a sacred office would imply, I should say that by the very necessity of the case, it must imply exactly those four elements which I have already named. Let us consider them separately.

It must involve the element of *prayer*. If there were no such thing as prayer, religion would be an idle sentiment—indeed, a mockery. If I stand face to face across the universe of things with another Person who cares for me infinitely, and whose power is limitless, I shall surely cry to Him in my need. Some access, some way of intercourse, is involved in the very thought of such a Godhead. We speak to Him and He will hear us. But there are those who ask, how can He answer? and they tell us that the course of things is fixed by a beneficent and unswerving law. Now none of us deny the cosmic order, nor the sequences of cause and effect. I am not talking of praying for a miracle, nor need I even discuss here whether there be such things. There is scope enough for God's answer to our prayer without violence to any of the so-called 'laws,' which are the fetish of the lesser sort of scientific men. You do not prove, by pointing us to causes and events, that Providence must stand aside and see the cruel wheels go round. I venture to say you will prove nothing against a rational belief in prayer, until you go the whole reckless range of pure materialism, and deny all freedom of human action as well as of the Divine. Are any of you prepared to say the universe is but a gigantic mechanism? If you think you are, let me remind you that the theory will do more than destroy religion. It will end at once all ethics, all effort, all ideals. It will

reduce consciousness to a mockery, spirituality to a dream, and love to a chemical attraction; and, after all, it will have explained nothing, but rather rendered everything insoluble.

No such wild hypothesis can be rationally described as the result of science; and, consistently with all we do know, there is ample scope for our belief. In the first place, we know, as clearly as we know anything, that our action is every instant changing, sometimes on issues of enormous moment, the "natural" trend of the forces about us. A ship is driving on a lee shore. To a savage eye her wreck is an obvious inference from law. But a man's will, by a power of selection and adaptation simple enough to us, can turn the very engines of destruction into the servants of his design. So God, we say, upon His greater plane.

Again, a thing of daily experience for us, as between the human lives we know, is the fact of influence. Exactly how the personality of a man or woman acts on other lives, we cannot pretend to say. But friendship and love, hate and help, rivalry and discipleship, we have all seen to spring into being, sometimes in a moment, for a mere nothing, a casual meeting, a passing word. Some subtlety of character, or a so-called personal magnetism yet more impalpable, may bind, as by a spell, not only individuals but mighty masses of men. We see such things among ourselves. When we pray God for light and growth, for purity and healing, for help and hope and holiness, why shall not He act also by such ways of influence in His far wider way?

We pray, then, in the Mass, for our own needs and for all the world's, in due obedience to the will of God. A common form of general prayer—the "great intercession"—is a factor of that archetype of all the liturgies for which we claim an apostolic origin. In all of them it takes the form of a prayer first for all the living, and then for all the dead. To us they are all members of that body of Christ, which is the Church: for to us the life beyond the grave is not the Calvinist alternative of instant heaven or hopeless misery, with no world of redress and preparation set between. If by prayer we can help our brethren whom we see, then we believe that by prayer, if God will, we

venture to affirm that if there were no other historic basis for the Mass than that which we find within the canon of the New Testament, it would be enough. We do not find any direct account of the liturgical form. The texts we have do not deal with such matters. Yet, even as to this, there is in the same passage of the Corinthians a significant phrase. The gravest abuses they will themselves, he is confident, put away; "the rest," he adds, "I will myself *put in order* when I come." He will regulate, he means, the manner of their observance, that all things may be done, as Clement put it, "decently and in order." We cannot, in the face of the surrounding evidence, doubt that such a settled order did arise. There is thought to be further reference to it in the second chapter of the letters to Timothy (where the names of the different kinds of prayer and the whole context seem to demand such an explanation), and in parts of the Book of the Revelation.* It has even been plausibly maintained by one of the best English scholars that 1 Cor. ii. 9, is a quotation from the Apostolic Liturgy itself.

In my former address,† when I could not foresee that I should be asked to deliver a special lecture on "The Mass," I referred to some part of the further evidence for the Apostolic character of the institution as a whole, which is afforded by a comparison of the most ancient variants of the Liturgy among themselves, and by the concurrent testimony of the earliest writings,

* The framework of the splendid vision in chapters iv. and v. is evident to those who know the ritual of the days of the Catacombs. The Bishop sat on a "throne," a great chair in the centre facing the people, with the altar-table before him, whereon lay in the Mass "the Lamb that was slain." The attendant priests sat on either side,—twelve, and twelve would be a natural arrangement. In the early part of the office, they sang a Hymn of Praise, and brought the book of the gospels with special solemnity to the Bishop. Later on (after the Preface) they sang a Triumphal Hymn —which may well have been in the very words of Rev. v. 12-13. Afterwards, at the Elevation, they fell down and worshipped "the Lamb:" and at the Communion all the people said "Amen." Even the white cloaks (ἱματία) of the twenty-four πρεσβυτέροι, and the lighted lamps, and the "golden goblets full of incense," and the music are probably all derived from the contemporary ritual.

† *The Church Catholic.*

Christian or Pagan, which deal with the matter. Before I revert to that branch of the subject now, it will be well that I should try to state to you in a few words what the office of the Mass in fact contains.

The Liturgies, in spite of wide apparent variation, proceed upon a scheme which is common to them all; and in describing that, I shall be describing with sufficient accuracy the Mass which is celebrated in every Catholic Church to-day. It consists, if we reduce the Liturgies to what I may call their simplest terms, of the actual Commemoration called the "Canon of the Mass," preceded by a double introduction, of which the first part is known as the "Mass of the Catechumens," as distinguished from the "Mass of the Faithful." The central and essential rite was called the Canon because of its close adherence to a "fixed rule." It is in its tenour, and even in much of its diction, alike in all the varying Liturgies. The other sections, being far less important, were to a much greater extent subject to the discretion of bishops, and have undergone local variation and substitution, though even in them we find a wonderful conformity.

The Office of the Catechumens (called "Missa" because it ended in their dismissal) was a public service, not especially eucharistic in its character, but founded for the most part upon the Sabbath service of the Synagogue. It begins now with the "Introit"—the Solemn Entrance of the officiating Bishop or Priest with his attendants, who chant an introductory Psalm. Then come certain very ancient hymns. In the West, we have that triple cry for mercy called the "Kyrie Eleison," and the "Gloria," or Hymn of the Nativity, at first peculiar to Christmas Day (so used before 139 A.D., as it is said), and then extended to ordinary Sundays. In the East, you have the equally ancient "Trisagion." Next come the public prayers named "Collecta" in the West and *συνάπτη* in the East,—the "gathered-up" petitions of the Church. These are variable in every Western use, according to the day. Then are read portions of the Scripture—an Epistle or Lesson symbolic of the Old Law, and the Gospel setting forth the New. Between these, as the procession carrying with joy the Sacred Book passes along the steps of the

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ling fact that the very words of the Responses, which you may hear chanted in this connection at any Catholic Mass on any Sunday, were so chanted in Jerusalem between 300 and 350 A.D. *Sursum corda:*—"Lift up your hearts; We have lifted them up to the Lord; Let us give thanks to the Lord our God; It is meet and right." So runs the ancient interchange, and the Priest, taking the word from the people's answer, goes on: "It is truly meet and just, right and available unto salvation that we should always give thanks to Thee." What follows—and here again the various Liturgies agree with one another and with Cyril—is a hymn of the glory and the providence of God, which ends by making mention of the Angels and Archangels, Cherubim and Seraphim, and of the heavenly song they sing, wherein we humbly join—"Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God," and "Blessed is He Who cometh in the name of the Lord"—cometh, indeed, in that sacramental commemoration of His very sacrifice which is about to begin. There is a strong probability that the earliest forms of the Preface were founded on, and adapted by the Apostles from those very psalms of the Hallet which our Lord chanted with His disciples at the supper. But the proof of the connection between the two would require a more detailed statement than could be given here.

The Canon itself, which, like the whole office, is now much shortened as compared with the first centuries, may be divided into three parts—the Great Intercession for the Living and the Dead, the Eucharistic Commemoration itself, and the Communion. The wording of the important passages is preserved with astonishing fidelity here, although even here there is a curious difference in the way in which the intercessory formulæ are combined with the words of commemoration. This variance is, in fact, a distinguishing test by which the critical scholar can say to which of certain great families a particular local use belongs. In the Alexandrine the great prayer is before the consecration; in others after it; in our own, partly before and partly after.

Of the central Commemoration itself, the Sacramental

words, and the Elevation, there is little that I need here say, except that in *every* rite they testify, beyond cavil, to the doctrine of the Real Presence. It is but a simple recital of the facts of the Supper at which the Mass was instituted, and of the command then given; and as the Church has always believed, the mystery of the Divine Presence comes to pass, and the miracle Christ wrought is wrought again, when the solemn words are uttered. Therefore we bow down, and adore.

It is this act of the Mass which the Church from the first century onward has styled the "Sacrifice"—the repetition, that is, by a providential ordinance of the great offering once made upon the Cross. Connected with it is the remarkable rite of the "fraction of the Host," which every liturgy ever known gives prominence. But there remains the Sacrament; and when, after the "Agnus Dei," a bell rings again, the Priest, having made his private preparation, receives that Holy Communion, and with him any or all the people, if they will. By this the office is completed, except for the prayers of thanksgiving, and the final blessing. In our usage, however, there is read the introduction of St. John's Gospel, as a final theme of meditation. Other prayers, English or Latin, may be added at the end, or at the beginning, or before the sermon; but with these exceptions, the stated course of the ritual is followed by the officiating Priest, the people being free to use their own prayers, so long as they in spirit and intention "assist at" or follow the action.

In reverting, after this description, to the historical question, I need not refer further to the internal evidence afforded by the consensus of the early rites, except to remind you that the existence of several great types or families of liturgical uses in as many great and largely autonomous Churches, each type going back to at least the 3rd or 4th century, and the fact that these while varying in order and detail yet point clearly to a common scheme, which *is* the essential Mass, constitutes to any fair historical critic one of the strongest possible proofs that that common scheme arose *before* the separation of these Churches, and was settled as of general and vital importance by some authority which they all referred

back; which is the same as to say that the Mass in its essentials is Apostolic. The force of that line of argument will already be apparent, and any candid critic can easily follow it out. As to the external evidence to be drawn from all the writers of the first four centuries (including Justin and Cyril), our proposition is that, differing as they do in race, character, and subject, no fair-minded reader can collate the numerous utterances which bear on the central office of the Christian Church as they knew it, without admitting that it was in its essentials such a service as the Mass I have described.

It would be impossible, within any practicable limits, to marshal these testimonies. I cannot here do more than illustrate the argument by indicating one or two of the details—internal and external—which point very strongly to the Apostolic age.

It is said that the liturgical texts were not committed to writing till the fourth century. St. Basil (A.D. 375), when he wrote down his own, was struck (as he tells us in the *De Spiritu Sancto*, c. 27), by the singular fact that, at the most vital and well-guarded portion of the office, the words of institution, the liturgical tradition did *not* follow the texts of the Gospels and Epistles which had for centuries been the common possession of the Church. He explains that in that matter the Church had not referred herself to the written words, because "there are many points most important for the mystery which we receive (from the Apostles) by unwritten tradition, in addition to those which the Gospels relate." It is very plain, on a mere comparison of texts, that in spite of their veneration for and dependence on the origin and charter of the rite, no one of the ancient types *followed* the formula of any Gospel. Evidently they claimed for themselves a coequal authority, as regards the events of that momentous Supper.

It comes out in many ways. The Biblical texts vary as to whether Christ spoke of "My Body which is broken," or "My Body which is given." The liturgy of St. James vouches that He said *both*. Almost all the rites are particular to say that when He invoked the Eucharistic blessing, Christ "raised His eyes to heaven"—which is not to be found in the Bible and is apparently

therefore a traditional detail. It is a curious fact that practically all the rites concur in the ceremony of mixing water with the wine, of which there is no word in the Bible. Their tradition as to this detail of Christ's action was so strong that they regarded it as an essential part of the rubric of the commemoration. And St. Cyprian (A.D. 245-258), discussing this very question of form, asserts that he upheld it because it was the tradition of the Apostles as to that act of Christ which they were commanded to repeat.

Now, as we have seen, usages of this kind cannot conceivably have been copied by any one of the liturgical families from another. There is no common centre, after the Apostles, on which they can be supposed to converge—not even Rome. If such minute matters were preserved and handed down concurrently in each, they can have come only from the scrupulous care of those who saw and heard the great act, and themselves directed the manner of its commemoration.

As for the literary witness of the earliest Christian centuries, it would be a long labour to discuss it in detail. The heathen testify by their jests and their calumnies, as well as the Christian documents of every class, and the chance indications even of the early heretics. Pliny's inept account to Trajan of the worship of the despised sect confirms, as do the other Roman travesties, the internal and very accurate account we have from Justin Martyr. The Roman uses the word "sacrament," though he does not know its meaning. Justin even uses the word "sacrifice." Irenæus is not very far removed from the Apostles, and his writings teem with allusions to the doctrine of the Real Presence; but he gives us a stronger piece of evidence than his own, for he tells us in distinct and technical terms how the heretic Marcus, whom he was attacking, had himself retained, though in a perverted form, the Mass and the Real Presence, so that he professed to make the wine show as red blood in the cup after his words of invocation. Why should a heretic of the second century have carried away these things, even in his revolt, if they were not then one of the essentials of the Apostolic faith?

I have mentioned already the minute account of the then ritual of Jerusalem in the catechism of Cyril, written about 337; and I cannot now dwell, as I would wish to do, on the extraordinary strength of the argument as to the antiquity even of the minutiæ of the office I have described, which we derive from this and the far earlier account of Justin. In the Mass known to the latter not long after 100, we can distinguish the Entrance, the Offertory, the Preface, the Eucharistic Prayer and the Formula of Institution, the Exclusion of the Catechumens, the Communion of the presiding priest and of the people, and the explicit doctrine of the Real Presence. What stronger evidence need we require to prove that the Mass was the accepted Christian ritual of the contemporaries or successors of John?

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So far I have been seeking to make clear the basis and history of the Mass, and have dealt with it as one of the visible facts of human life. But each of the great institutions of the world is more than a mere fact of history. It is great, because it has behind it a group of and antecedent ideas which it pre-supposes, embodies, translates into the actualities of life. I pass therefore to consider the Mass in this light also.

The fact of knowledge, the existence of ethics, the possibility of political or social life,—all these involve, as any of you who are familiar with Kant's fundamental arguments will allow, certain ideas as the antecedent conditions of their possibility. So also does the existence of religion. It is not, however, to the present purpose to analyse religion as a whole. My task is rather to set out those broad general ideas which are implied in that expression of religion with which we have to deal. I do not disguise from you my conviction that either process would lead to much the same result: but this is not the occasion for so fundamental an enquiry. If you study

the Mass itself, you will observe that the four ideas which stand out as fundamental are: *the need of prayer, the fitness of worship, the craving for a Divine communion*, and, above all, *the realization of the personal presence of God.* These form what one may call the abstract basis of the Mass—as distinguished from the dogmatic aspect of it already referred to, in which it is the public profession of the Catholic faith, the commemoration of the death of Christ, the fulfilment of His last behest, and the mystical renewal of His sacrifice.

We hold, and I think the candid student will agree, that all the four ideas belong to the very essential character of religion, as distinguished from other ways of spiritual expression, such as ethics or poetry. Ethics is the side of life on which I stand related to an abstract, imperative, rigid law—a pitiless, infinite Yea or Nay. Poetry—indeed, art in general—is that phase of life in which I stand related to an infinite beauty, revealed in endless subtleties of unexpressed suggestion. Religion also is a relation between the finite self and the infinite; but it is distinguished pre-eminently in this, that for it the relation is always and above all things a *personal* one.

That the attribution to infinite being of all we mean, in any positive sense, by personality, is involved not only in ethics but even in knowledge and in all life, is capable, I am certain, of strict proof. But neither in the intellectual nor in the ethical side of things is the personality of the infinite the prominent note. In the religion of intellectual life, the infinite is truth; in the arts, it is beauty; in the ethical world, it is law; but in religion, beyond and above all else, it is love. Knowledge may imply a universal mind, and law may pre-suppose a lawgiver: but love cannot even be stated or thought of but as the love of one person for another.

This spiritual life is the beating heart of the universe. Unless you are audacious enough to say that all the region of the human centuries is a mere absurdity—nay, even if you were—we can with cogent reason appeal to the mere existence of religion as a fact of life, in proof that the infinite distances are not a silent void, that

in the tideless reaches of the past the seeing eye would find, not the blind onset of an iron fate, but the personal tending of a tireless care, and that the shut portals of future shall disclose not death, but the living God.

Now if religion presupposes and means a personal relation between each personal self and a personal God, this common relation would naturally, indeed necessarily, form a bond of community among men; and in every age, accordingly, it has presented itself in public as well as in private forms. All kinds of men have felt that public assemblies for religious observance were a natural need. If one asked, what such a sacred office would imply, I should say that by the very necessity of the case, it must imply exactly those four elements which I have already named. Let us consider them separately.

It must involve the element of *prayer*. If there were no such thing as prayer, religion would be an idle sentiment—indeed, a mockery. If I stand face to face across the universe of things with another Person who cares for me infinitely, and whose power is limitless, I shall surely cry to Him in my need. Some access, some way of intercourse, is involved in the very thought of such a Godhead. We speak to Him and He will hear us. But there are those who ask, how can He answer? and they tell us that the course of things is fixed by a beneficent and unswerving law. Now none of us deny the cosmic order, nor the sequences of cause and effect. I am not talking of praying for a miracle, nor need I even discuss here whether there be such things. There is scope enough for God's answer to our prayer without violence to any of the so-called 'laws,' which are the fetish of the lesser sort of scientific men. You do not prove, by pointing us to causes and events, that Providence must stand aside and see the cruel wheels go round. I venture to say you will prove nothing against a rational belief in prayer, until you go the whole reckless range of pure materialism, and deny all freedom of human action as well as of the Divine. Are any of you prepared to say the universe is but a gigantic mechanism? If you think you are, let me remind you that the theory will do more than destroy religion. It will end at once all ethics, all effort, all ideals. It will

reduce consciousness to a mockery, spirituality to a dream, and love to a chemical attraction; and, after all, it will have explained nothing, but rather rendered everything insoluble.

No such wild hypothesis can be rationally described as the result of science; and, consistently with all we do know, there is ample scope for our belief. In the first place, we know, as clearly as we know anything, that our action is every instant changing, sometimes on issues of enormous moment, the "natural" trend of the forces about us. A ship is driving on a lee shore. To a savage eye her wreck is an obvious inference from law. But a man's will, by a power of selection and adaptation simple enough to us, can turn the very engines of destruction into the servants of his design. So God, we say, upon His greater plane.

Again, a thing of daily experience for us, as between the human lives we know, is the fact of influence. Exactly how the personality of a man or woman acts on other lives, we cannot pretend to say. But friendship and love, hate and help, rivalry and discipleship, we have all seen to spring into being, sometimes in a moment, for a mere nothing, a casual meeting, a passing word. Some subtlety of character, or a so-called personal magnetism yet more impalpable, may bind, as by a spell, not only individuals but mighty masses of men. We see such things among ourselves. When we pray God for light and growth, for purity and healing, for help and hope and holiness, why shall not He act also by such ways of influence in His far wider way?

We pray, then, in the Mass, for our own needs and for all the world's, in due obedience to the will of God. A common form of general prayer—the "great intercession"—is a factor of that archetype of all the liturgies for which we claim an apostolic origin. In all of them it takes the form of a prayer first for all the living, and then for all the dead. To us they are all members of that body of Christ, which is the Church: for to us the life beyond the grave is not the Calvinist alternative of instant heaven or hopeless misery, with no world of redress and preparation set between. If by prayer we can help our brethren whom we see, then we believe that by prayer, if God will, we

may help also our brethren who have gone before us—out of sight, indeed, but not beyond our reach; for they also are but another of the folds of God.

But it is not on this venerable formula alone that Catholics rely for the element of prayer. In the Mass the ritual words are but the guides, and not the fetters of devotion. The whole course of the office is to the devout Catholic one long occasion for prayer. It is made intense and living by the solemnity of the action. It is assuredly not chilled, but rather constantly upheld, by the familiar form and ceremonial. Every movement of the priest and his attendants, every time a bell is rung or a salutation or response is heard, is but another warning to pray—eagerly, keenly, ceaselessly—using the moments well, for now is the acceptable time. The Mass has hardly begun when in the "Collects" we pray for the good estate of Christendom. After an interval the Offertory warns us to present our lives as a living sacrifice before the Lord, and to pray for our personal needs. The ceremony of the "Lavabo" bids us pray for purity of heart and forgiveness of our remembered sins. As we join in the Great Intercession, we are taught to make a special mention of every individual soul, in life or death, for whom by any personal reason we are moved to pray. Presently, raising his voice, the priest cries, "And to us sinners also." It is a call to the hearers that they should turn again to ask of God, each for himself, the helps that, in their human frailty, they need. A few moments more and you will hear the lifted voice reciting the ancient formula with which the Lord's Prayer is ushered in; and all will follow it, for it is said aloud; and all will answer at the closing words, and join in that echo of them which comes after, in the "prayer against temptation." The "Agnus Dei" is another summons, and its cry for mercy and for peace is echoed again by the beautiful prayer for the peace of the Church, which leads on to the Communion and the solemn close.

Any one is free, of course, to read the ritual words with scrupulous observance, and if it be helpful to his personal devotion he does well; but every one is likewise free and is advised to adapt the course and movement of the

ritual to his own soul's wants, and to his own best methods of spiritual expression. Therefore the Mass is never rigid, cold, inert, as other rites have been where ritual was the beginning and the end. The whole great company of worshippers in a Catholic cathedral are doing but one thing—they are joining, and they feel themselves to be joining, in one and the same great act; yet at the same moment each is standing face to face in instant personal relation with the presence of his God.

If it were possible I would have wished to indicate to you a few of the many common plans of individual prayer, called "Methods of hearing Mass,"* which are to be found in our various books. But prayer is not the only phase of that personal relation which religion means, and I must pass now to another manifestation of it, which is at least as universal. No one can deny the constant recurrence in human history of the idea of *worship*—that homage paid to the infinite Lord, which we commemorate in the common use of language when we describe any religious office as "Divine service."

If it be true that religion means a relation of person to person, it is also evident that that relation does not imply any equality of rights such as we assert or expect in the human relations we know. Freedom of one individual as against another we assume in our human conduct. For every assertion of a right to make *me* alter my own course for *your* advantage or desire, must prove itself or be denied. Until you can show good reason to the contrary, I am among men my own master, and, in right of my mere manhood, equal comrade of every man who breathes. But as between any man and the Divine, how vast, how ineffable is the difference!

In the post-Reformation systems of thought, and above all in those American new departures of which Emerson and Walt Whitman are the true exponents, there is a strong tendency to suggest that there is something base and servile in the acknowledgment of any dependence of a human person, even upon the Divine. Some of these people talk as if they might shake hands with God; others, as if it were a fine thing to shake their fist at

* "A Book of the Mass" (Catholic Truth Society, 1d.) gives some of these.

Him. One of the most brilliant, and, as I fear, most subtly mischievous, expositions of this kind of human pride is to be found in Emerson's remarkable Essay on Self-Reliance. Yet what utter nonsense it all is! One is tempted to cry out, like the sour sage, "How God must laugh, if such a thing could be, to see His wondrous mannikins below!" If we are in fact face to face with a personality which is *not* one among other equal selves, but infinite—a self as *against* whom neither right nor duty can be predicated at all—for whom all conceivable limitations are but as an idle fancy, and every imaginable power but as the lightest motion of His will—then our self-assertion against such an one is a mere insanity. All ultimate goodness is and can be nothing but the adjustment of our personal volition to the standard of that one effectual will. If, then, revolt can be nothing in the end but self-destruction, it is merely ludicrous to enquire whether our human dignity is injured by the act of adoration. As from Him we derive our being, it cannot be false to say He is our Lord. If there be any sense in which we can talk of justice entering into so unequal a relation, it is most just that we should do Him service. The best reason for it, however, is not that it is His due, for our refusal will hardly make Him poorer. But as it is with prayer, so with worship also—it is for *our* sakes that we must lift our hearts to Him. It is exactly because the emptiness of human folly is prone to raise itself against the Master; it is because pride, rebellion, swollen insolence are possible, that it is well we should remind ourselves of that eternal infinite disparity, and bow down and bend the knee. Not even of purity or truth did Christ so strongly speak, as of humility, meekness, lowliness of heart.

Not that there are not forms of self-reliance and respect which are wholesome and honourable, nay, even needful for the perfect service of our God. If each man reverenced himself to every height consistent with all other reverence, the world would be quickly purified. It is only against the self-insistence in the face of the Divine that we protest. Because to set our will against the Holy Will is the very mark of sin, therefore to worship is the essence of religion. I have seen the stout

burghers of a Dutch town, assembled in their Groote Kerk, marching about with hats on, talking sturdily, to show that they disclaimed the folly of a reverent bearing. If their manner did not belie them, they were minded, one must believe, to *obey* no more and no farther than they chose. For any of us to say that, would be to set up as an independent centre of action in the universe; and these, like independent centres in our own or any other organisation, are in fact a disease, and must work out their own elimination.

I fear that not a little of the common prejudice of a certain robust type of Englishman against the Catholic religion arises out of such a distaste as these Dutchmen, or as the typical John Bull of the past, would certainly have felt for anything in the way of worship which involved any obvious abasement before a higher power. To the Catholic mind this is not dignity, but a monstrous littleness of soul. To us the acknowledgment of our dependence upon the Father, as those "little children" of whom Christ spoke, is a good and a beautiful thing. We believe that they who in this sense are "poor in spirit" are "blessed," as the Master said. We confess our nothingness in the face of the Almighty Love, not grudgingly but joyously; and every time that we are privileged to assist at the offering of the Mass, we rejoice in it as a special and most fitting opportunity for the act of adoration.

It is to this ruling idea of worship that all our formal usages refer: a kneeling posture, a reverent demeanour, and all such symbols as the offering of incense, or of flowers and other precious things about the altar, which we think of as His throne. They are but poor attempts after the expression of that sense of reverence which it surely is our interest not to lose. Ruskin said once that "in reverence lies the chief joy and power of life." The lack of it in the modern world is an evil deeper than we know. If you abolish the fashion and semblance of reverent worship in religion, where else, think you, will it survive?

Apart from symbolism, the note of worship is continued throughout the whole office, by the constant recurrence of the poetic expression of the Divine praise.

Someone may say that it is unmeaning that men should "praise God;" and so it would be, if it were not that spontaneous expression of our gladness in His perfect majesty which is but the translating of our adoration into words. Your blustering burgher chanting formal psalms might seem to be "a sounding brass;" but the humble soul, who for the pure delight of thinking upon God must needs proclaim His glory, is but joining, as our own Preface puts it, in the Heavenly Song.

There is yet another sense in which the Mass is changed with an intense adoration, such as must often amaze an earnest stranger. As the action rises towards its culminating point, you cannot fail to notice how the signs of waywardness, or vanity, or inattention gradually cease. Those who have been sitting, kneel—those who have been reading, lay their brows upon their hands to pray, and when the warning bell has rung, there is throughout a Catholic Church an intense silence, a rapt devotion, such as I, at least, have never elsewhere seen. It is in that moment that you may see how reverence alone can solemnize and glorify the trivialities of life. From the squalid warrens of the poor, from the sordid worries of the middle class, from the idle vanities of fashion, they are gathered together—as of old—for the "breaking of the bread." They have come to pay their service to that Majesty before whom all differences fade. And as the great words are said, the great act done, they are rapt beyond the little things about their feet, and are forced to look up, if it be but for a moment, at the mighty things that are eternal. In that strange stillness, even the least of His little ones may be glorified by the solemnity and the enthusiasm of adoration. The inspiration of high poetry and of glorious music is a noble thing: but for us there is a way of nobler inspiration, open to the dull and the unlearned at least as readily as to the wise, wherever Mass is said.

The third idea I have called the need of a *Divine Communion:* but I know not how I may express to you with any clearness what to us that word conveys. I have said that the idea of prayer—the access from our side to God—is inherent in the very conception of a personal relation between the Finite and the Infinite. If

that is one side, Communion is the other. The sense of our dependence, which we express as worship, is not inconsistent to the Christian with the belief that in another sense, transcending our imagination, we may be made one with the Divine. If you will read the intense chapters at the end of St. John's Gospel, or any of the great books of religious utterance, such as the "Imitation," you will see that the sense of the Divine Love cannot remain for the religious soul a merely intellectual proposition. "Whosoever eateth My flesh abideth in Me, and I in him." "That they may be one as we are one; I in them and they in Me." Such phrases, commonly described as mystical, are reiterated over and over again. And in the passion of the love of God, the great writers of the Church have delighted to talk of dying to themselves and to all earthly things that they may be the more lost in their Beloved and they have meant what they said.

These things are of personal experience, and to those who are without, they may seem nothing. I desire now only to repeat that the personal relation of each finite self to the Infinite Self cannot be otherwise thought of than as a union of love, whatever in the marvels of the infinite such love may mean. This love, not merely of man for God, but of God for man, is of the essence of the Christian, as indeed of any religion that is more than childish. Now of love itself, in any phase of it, what can we say? Men have said and sung an infinite deal about it; but they can say little more than that it is a union of two souls, wherein in some sense their personal interests have fallen away so that they are to each another no longer alien, but as one. What, then, would such love be, if it could transcend our limits and be taken up into the Divine? We could not, apart from any revelation, have professed to say; but we may say without unreason that in such a conception we have a key at least to some of the aspects of the sacramental and mystic conceptions of the Divine Communion; of an Infinite Love, who gives Himself to us, whose delight it is to dwell with us, whose yearning is for our answering love, who makes Himself like to our lowliness that He may reach us and draw us to Himself; who can indeed, if we will love Him, be one

with us and yet our God, as we too can be lost in Him and yet be none the less the personal selves He made.

I cannot pretend to tell you, even remotely, of that hidden wisdom of the spiritual life of the Church. None of you who have read the lives and writings of the Saints can doubt that they lived by it, and that those who expressed it were uttering the most sacred truths they knew, for which they would each and all have counted it, a joy to die. You may think they were deceived, but that intense belief of all these great and holy men is a tremendous fact of our humanity, and has had and still has its immense results. There is, however you explain it, a human craving for such oneness with the far-off Infinite; and in the Mass it has found, among all manner of men, a full and abiding satisfaction. The idea of such communion is, as you already know, inherent in its earliest plan, as it was the main idea of the Last Supper itself. In early times, the actual reception of the Sacramental Communion by all present was the usual custom; though at an early date, for various reasons, that ceased to be expected. Nevertheless, so strongly is this side of the Mass insisted on, that you will find that all our books of devotion exhort the hearer, if he is not prepared for the actual reception of the Eucharist, to make at that part of the Mass the meditations and exercises which are known as a "Spiritual Communion," that he may thereby take unto himself, if not the sacramental fulness of the Divine Love, at least so much of the sense and effect of that union with the present God as in his duller spiritual state he may.

The three ideas to which I have now sought to direct your attention, are, however, all dominated by the last, which contains in itself the wide and fundamental distinction between the Mass and every other form of public worship. I have called it *the realization of the presence of God.*

To all who believe in God, He must of logical necessity be, in some sense, always present. But when Christ said that "where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," He was referring to the evident fact that for the human consciousness there may and must be a special presence

of God, on those occasions when His children come before Him. Here, as so often in the Catholic Creed, we come upon the note of human solidarity. God is present to any religious soul; but where the brethren are gathered together—where the collective life of the Christian society is manifested—there He is, so to say, more fully present and more near. It is good to pray alone, and to lift up the silent worship of the heart; but it is better, it is indeed a duty, to come forth and join with others in a social act of worship, in a common prayer for the common need. For the Church of Christ is above all things an organic community, wherein none are isolated, none rejected, none sent empty away. The representative office of the priest, offering the Mass in the name of all the people, absent as well as present, dead as well as alive, is the sign and token of this corporate character. The congregation—each particular ἐκκλησία—is but the representative of all the Church; and to each there comes, as we believe, the Real Presence of that Lord, Who called the Church His Bride.

It is not enough that one should know, as an intellectual proposition, that God is here. It is of much more consequence that we should realize it—that His personal nearness should be brought home to each man's heart. We may know that a friend is not far off, but that knowledge has on us a very different effect from the sound of a well-known step, or the hearing of a long-remembered voice. So the one thing which, above all else, I venture here to claim for the great office of the Catholic Church, is that it brings home to us the vivid, palpable sense of "God with man."

At this point, however, the subject passes out beyond our reach. I have more than occupied the space of time appointed to me. And I could not hope, even if I delayed you far longer, to bring home to you what is meant, in the spiritual experience of the Catholic world, by the Sacramental Presence. There are some things which it is not granted to man to utter, at least in the ordinary ways of speech. To apprehend them, there is only one way: and that is the way of Christ, Who bade us live by faith and love.

Bertie's Christmas Eve.

BY FRANCES NOBLE.

It was Christmas Eve. The small but picturesque park attaching to Langrose Hall was thick with snow some inches deep, the soft white fall having continued until not only the ground, but every branch and twig of tree or bush, was laden with the fleecy covering. It was afternoon, about four o'clock, and already dusk; but the air was clear and frosty, a sharp wind just now having arisen to drift the snow into heaps in many places, shaking the boughs of the trees till they cast much of their feathery load.

There were lights gleaming in many of the windows of the Hall itself, for Christmas was to be kept there with high festival this year: and already a large party of relatives and friends were assembled under its hospitable roof. Along one side of the house ran a long, low verandah, the pilasters of which in summer time were rich with twisted creepers, but now only with wreaths of snow, some of it already freezing fast. The house on this side was close to the high road, only a narrow path and a tall hedgerow intervening; and opening through the hedge, a few yards to the back part of the house, was a little rustic gate leading out into the road.

On to this verandah, through one of three windows leading on to it, there came, suddenly, a few minutes after the snow ceased, a little figure, looking like the guardian fairy of the snowy scene, enveloped almost from head to foot in some kind of scarlet wrap, which left to view a bright, bonnie, girlish face with jetty curly hair clustered above a pair of the darkest violet eyes, just now dancing half with laughter, half with an eager

expectancy, as she trod carefully along in her woollen over-shoes, keeping well in the shelter, out of the drifting snow.

The girl was Bertie Langrose, only daughter of the house, and its dearest treasure, though the fond parents were going to give her away, half joyfully, half sadly, into another's keeping, within three weeks' time; and the party now assembled at the hall had come to make Christmas this year a kind of farewell festival to bright winsome Bertie, ere she left the old home, a little bride of scarce nineteen. He who was to bear her away, her future husband, was expected this afternoon to join the party for a few days, his last visit before the wedding; for Cecil Mordaunt was captain in the —th Lancers who had been for some time stationed at N——, only a few miles from Langrose Hall, but were now under orders for Gibraltar; for which Bertie must sail, therefore, with her husband a few days after the marriage. Captain Mordaunt was a Catholic staunch and true, as were the Langroses themselves, or else, old friend, too, as he was of the young heir of the house, Edwin Langrose, he would never have been entrusted with their darling's happiness by her parents.

Can you guess, reader, of whom Bertie has come out in search, to watch for whom she has stolen away from the warm, cheery rooms and merry company, out into the cold, frosty air on the snowy verandah?

He will ride over, she knows, from N——, with only his knapsack, and must pass along the road just outside this point; so, on seeing her from over the hedge, he will ride in through the little gate close by, and she will have him here all to herself for the first few minutes before anyone knows he has arrived, even before Edwin, who is already looking out, she knows, near the front entrance. It will be such fun to steal a march on him, and bring Cecil up from behind, after a while, when she can spare him a little.

She listens intently for the sound of the horse's hoofs, which will not be distinct, she knows, in the deep snow; indeed, it may be a long time to wait yet, the roads being

so bad for riding ; she must not be impatient. Suddenly, as she strains her ears, a sound reaches them—not that for which she listens, but something painful like a human groan or cry as from some one in distress—an appeal for help.

Again she listened, and again it came, louder this time, so that it was distinctly recognizable as a human voice : it seemed to be quite near, in the road but ahead of the verandah, further on where the high road curved and gradually grew distant from the house, merely skirting the plantation. Bertie ran forward to the end of the verandah to come nearer the sound, and standing on tiptoe peered over the hedge into the darkening road, but could see nothing from even her little distance. Just then the other sound for which she had waited struck on her ears—the sound of a horse's hoofs labouring through the snow, with the clank and jingle of the rider's accoutrements. Nearer and nearer it came, the other sound, if it occurred, being unnoticed, as a smile broke over the girl's bright face, while she poised herself on the extreme edge of the sheltering verandah, clinging to one of the pilasters, well in view to the road, in her scarlet covering.

"Cecil!" and at the clear, laughing call across the hedge, a horseman drew up suddenly, shading his eyes with his hand and recognizing the little watcher on the verandah.

"Bertie!" was echoed back in reply, as the rider paused, motionless for a minute.

"Yes, it *is* Bertie ; it isn't a ghost! Go back through the little gate, Cecil, and leave Nero tied there a few minutes till I send some one out, and you come in this way. I want to startle them all."

In laughing compliance the young officer turned his horse's head round, and in another minute had ridden through the little gate, tied the horse to a post, and having patted him reassuringly, made his own way along the path, on to the verandah, and directly held the laughing Bertie in his arms ; then, releasing her partially, took a long look into the bright, winsome

blushing face, meeting the love-light in the dark blue eyes, from which even the smile faded now in their earnest, tender greeting. She had forgotten the sound of pain, the appeal which had just distressed her, she had forgotten everything but that Cecil was here and held her safe in his embrace. Do not be hard upon her, reader, she is only a very young girl, and he is her lover, for whom she has waited and listened out here in the cold, and as they meet it is the old sweet story; the world holds only those two for each other. And he is a lover of whom any girl may be proud, of brave, gallant bearing, a soldier and a gentleman truly and unmistakably; his face brown and beardless, pleasant to look upon with its frank, winning smile on the refined but manly features, and in the eyes as blue and dark as Bertie's own.

"But, my darling girl," he laughed, "you'll get your death of cold. How long have you been out here, Bertie?" and he folded her wrap tenderly still closer round her.

"Well, don't smother me, you tiresome boy;" but just as the laughter danced again in her eyes, once more there struck on her ears, and on Cecil's too, now, that painful sound, louder than before, undoubtedly an appeal for help.

"O Cecil, how selfish of me! I heard it just before you came, once or twice, but quite forgot it. Can you see anyone, Cecil?" she added, as he turned at once towards the road.

"No, not from here. What can it be, Bertie? A human being, I am sure, and close by. Wait one minute and I will see." Then, even in his eagerness to render help, he tore himself only lingeringly from the girl's embrace, quickly as she would have released him in her self-reproach.

Across the hedge she saw him emerge into the snowy road on foot, and for a few minutes he disappeared in the dusk into a hollow on the farther side. She waited, a strange, chilly uneasiness having suddenly replaced the laughing joy in her heart; then, as Captain Mordaunt

came back hastily through the little gate, she ran to the end of the verandah to meet him. He looked very grave and spoke hurriedly, even while his arm clasped her round again and his eye rested tenderly on her face.

"Bertie, my darling, you have done a wonderfully good thing by coming out here to-night, but there is barely time to tell you, for there is none to lose. It is a young man, Bertie, out across there, fallen down into the hollow, where he must have fainted, I think, after having broken a blood vessel, and he is evidently dying. He must have come to consciousness just when you first heard him groan, and was just able to tell me that he is a Frenchman, and was walking from N —— to Weston, to get back later on to France. He is a Catholic, and seems in terrible agitation lest he should die without a priest, as he has not been for years to the Sacraments. I only waited to hear this, after I had bound my handkerchief round a wound he must have got in his head in falling: so will you go at once, Bertie, and send out two or three of the men with some kind of stretcher to carry him in quietly there at the back? He moaned when I attempted to lift him alone. Dr. Lewis is here, is he not?"

"Oh yes, how fortunate, Cecil! but Father Rooke won't be back until ten o'clock to-night. What shall we do?" And Bertie paused on her way in through the window.

"That is it, Bertie; I knew he was away. I must go at once, while Nero is ready saddled, to bring Father Parker from N——; there is no time to lose. The young fellow does not look likely to last many hours. My darling, if you had not been here I should have ridden past, on to the park gate, without hearing or seeing that anyone was lying down there, and in the morning he would have been found dead. *Au revoir;* kiss me, Bertie, and wish me a quick return with Father Parker," and with a yearning embrace he would have gone, but she clung to him, with a strange foreboding.

"I know you must go, Cecil, dear, but I wish you had not to. Won't one of the men do instead?"

"My love, don't tremble so; I shall be back very quickly. The moon is rising; I shall have a splendid ride. Nero is quite fresh still; they would be too long getting ready another horse, and understanding exactly what was to be done. I must be gone before there is any delay. The poor fellow must not die without a priest if we can help it, eh, Bertie?" With another yearning kiss, he was gone, and in a minute had untied his horse and was flying along the road, calling out a word to the dying man in the hollow; while Bertie, trying hard to feel thankful for this ending to her escapade, so different from the intended one, but feeling as though the chill of the outer air had struck to her very heart, ran hastily to the servants' quarters, and with a few words of explanation, despatched three of the men, hastily summoned together, to bring in the wounded man.

It had all taken a shorter time than it has needed to tell, and the men were gone, with an improvised stretcher and some brandy, out to the dying stranger, scarcely five minutes after Captain Mordaunt had ridden away. Then, trying to ignore that strange chill tightening about her heart, Bertie went quickly to tell her parents and brother and their guests what had happened.

Perhaps two or three, her mother amongst them, could not but notice a vainly concealed anxiety on their bright darling's face at first; but it was soon forgotten in the hurry of rendering assistance and attention to the young Frenchman, now safely lying on a couch in the servants' hall.

Langrose Hall possessed its own resident chaplain, being nearly five miles from the nearest mission, which was at N——, so that the hall chapel was a public one for several Catholic labourers and other residents in the neighbourhood, as well as for the Household. But a few days before, the chaplain, Father Rooke had been summoned away a long distance to his father's deathbed, and having remained for the funeral, could not reach Langrose Hall again until ten o'clock this evening

This explains why Captain Mordaunt and Bertie at once saw the necessity of his hurrying away quickly on his errand of mercy, by which Father Parker from N——could be here fully three hours earlier than the time at which the resident priest was expected. Fortunately one of the house party was a young doctor, a friend of Edwin Langrose, who on examining the sick man, pronounced his case hopeless, so that he could scarcely last through the night and at once did everything in his power to sustain life and consciousness until the priest should arrive.

The young fellow had been already in delicate healt when he essayed to walk such a long distance, and had broken a blood-vessel on the lungs, from the cold and fatigue, besides having injured himself otherwise internally in falling; he had also received a slight wound in the head sufficient to render him unconscious for a short time, from which state he awoke with the groan first heard by Bertie on the verandah. The young man evidently belonged to the respectable artisan class, and was also of good intelligence, for ill as he was and aware of his danger, he was full of apologies and gratitude for the trouble so kindly taken for him; most of all, for the prompt action of "*le beau chevalier*," as he called Captain Mordaunt, who had ridden back at once in the cold and snow so that he, Pierre, should not die without the Sacraments.

The doctor had ordered perfect quiet, and allowed only few to remain in the servants' hall, so suddenly transformed into a sick room. Mrs. Langrose, with an old trusted woman who had been Bertie's nurse, remained with her sufferer; and Bertie herself had begged to stay too, though her mother had wished her to go back to the guests until she herself could return to them, not wishing this sudden gloom utterly to envelop the house.

"I couldn't enjoy anything, mamma," she said, "without Cecil. While he is gone for Father Parker let me stay here. I will go back to them all when he comes back."

And so she sat in the large darkened room, by the couch, now and then giving a few drops of brandy to the sufferer as her mother directed, or helping to arrange his pillows comfortably. Then, as it seemed to soothe him, they all knelt and recited the Rosary and the Litany of our Lady, the sick man's eyes being constantly directed to the door, though they had told him the priest could scarcely be here until after six o'clock, and it was now only about five.

He had asked the doctor in a whisper as soon as he saw Bertie, who she was; and on hearing she was the only daughter of the house to be married shortly to the gentleman who had gone for the priest, the poor young fellow had seemed affected as well as agitated. Now, as it neared six o'clock, he apparently made a strong effort to speak again, turning to Bertie as she sat by him.—

"Mademoiselle, my mother will thank you for your goodness to me. I was on my way back to her after many month's work in England, but I am poor, and so though it was foolish, I tried to walk too far, at the beginning of my journey. Mademoiselle, it is three years since I have been to confession. It has been a trouble to her,—my mother. If I die without, will you write to her that I wished it, that I would have gone now, if I could. In the bag are my address, and a little money, which was for my journey further on;" then he turned his gaze on Mrs. Langrose. "Tell her, Madame, that your daughter was an angel of mercy to her Pierre, that she comforted his last moments, that she sent her own *fiancé* out into the cold and snow again so that a priest should come quickly. And it is on Christmas Eve, when the good English people like always to be *en fête*, that I am a trouble to you like this."

He sank back exhausted again, while Mrs. Langrose spoke a few reassuring words, and then there was silence, as they all now began to listen. What a strange ending to Bertie's Christmas Eve! what a sad chapter in her life had risen out of her loving, merry escapade! As she gazed at the poor sufferer so strangely brought under

her parents' hospitable roof, she felt suddenly as though in some way she had grown years older within the last two hours, even while her bright nature rose against the depression: and she longed feverishly for Cecil's return as she continued to join in the silent prayers that the departing soul might linger until it could go forth absolved and at peace.

In vain the young doctor begged Bertie to leave her post, an unfit one for her, he urged, telling her she need not fear being expected to be merry or gay just now among the guests, all of whom were content to pass a quiet evening in the sudden gloom brought under the kindly roof; they were, he told her, all as sympathetic and anxious as herself. But Bertie would not stir; she would only promise to come to dinner at seven, when Cecil should be back, and she and her mother must leave the sufferer to the care of others for a while. "He will be at peace then, you know," she said; "he will have had the last Sacraments, if Father Parker gets here punctually. We can leave him then with old Margaret for a little time." And so they left her still at her unwonted post.

It was after six o'clock when at last the expected sound was heard approaching up the front avenue, and Edwin Langrose flew to the hall door, but to see only one horseman, not two, as they had expected, for Fr. Parker had a horse of his own in daily use in his scattered country parish, and they thought that he and Captain Mordaunt would have ridden back together.

As the door opened, those waiting inside saw, what with closed curtains had not been noticed, that the snow had begun again to fall heavily, and that the rider who alighted was not Captain Mordaunt, but Father Parker himself on the Captain's horse, Nero, now panting and dead beat with its long work.

"Am I in time?" was the priest's eager inquiry, as he threw the reins to a groom and ran hastily up the steps, with only a quiet hurried greeting to the party inside; then, on being reassured, he drew Edwin Langrose a little apart for a moment.

*

"Captain Mordaunt is following on foot. He found me at home, but my horse had an accident this morning, and it would have been a delay to look after one in the village, especially to-night, Christmas Eve, and in such weather, when all would have objected to let out their horses or even a vehicle, which, besides, would have been much too slow in the state of the roads. Captain Mordaunt insisted on my taking his horse, there being so little time to lose, and he said he would be glad to stay behind a short time to get to confession, so I left him in the church." Then he walked on with Edwin Langrose, adding as the rest let them pass, "I am sorry the snow has come on again so heavily. Don't mention it to your mother or Miss Langrose, as they might be uneasy as to Captain Mordaunt's long walk home. I do not think he will have been able to get a horse, even if he tried."

"Bertie will be uneasy as it is, I am afraid," her brother said, as they reached the servants' quarters, and he quietly showed the priest into the room.

As Father Parker approached the sufferer, after a few words with the doctor, who then withdrew, Bertie and her mother also rose and went outside the room.

"Edwin, where is Cecil?" Bertie asked quickly of her brother.

"He is walking back, Bertie," was the reply, given as carelessly as possible. "Father Parker's horse is lame, and Cecil sent him back on Nero at once, saying he would follow when he had been to confession, to save his going to-night here or to-morrow morning. He will be on his way now, but we might put dinner back for him, mother, half-an-hour. No one will mind in this sudden emergency."

Mrs. Langrose assented, but Bertie said not a word, only went to a window in the passage, and, drawing aside the blind gazed out and saw the snow, a perfect storm now, of thick, heavy flakes. That strange unaccountable chill seized upon her again, as she watched them, and for a minute she seemed paralyzed with a vague terror.

"Mamma," she whispered, "look at the storm! Cecil cannot get back so soon, on foot, over the hills. If he is not back for dinner, I would rather stay here."

But her mother noticed her pale looks and that her teeth chattered as with cold, and taking both her hands she said anxiously—

"No, no, Bertie, love, you must not; it has made you nervous already, sitting so long by this poor fellow. Cecil will be angry with me if he finds you like this. Edwin and I and Margaret will go in when Fr. Parker calls us when he is going to give Extreme Unction, and if you won't go to the drawing room, take Aggie with you and go to the chapel until dinner time. Better to pray quietly there, love, than get ill here, and I will tell the poor fellow I would not let you come back, and that you have gone to pray for him."

Seeing how earnest and anxious her mother was, Bertie wearily acquiesced, and calling one of the maids, Mrs. Langrose sent her in search of Aggie, a school friend of Bertie's, who was remaining to be one of her bridesmaids, and was quite at home in the house.

Within five minutes she and Bertie, wrapt in warm shawls, were kneeling quietly together in the little chapel, lighted now only by the sanctuary lamp; while down stairs in the servants' hall the last rites were being administered to the dying man, now full of peace and thankfulness for the great mercies shown him by God, and the kindly charity of the good family into whose care he had fallen.

"It is my mother's prayers," he whispered to Mrs. Langrose, as, on Father Parker having completed his duties, she took Bertie's post by his bed, telling them not to call her away now until all should be over. It was plain that half an hour might see the end, and though he would most likely be conscious to the last, he was not in a state to receive Viaticum, but was consoled by the acts of Spiritual Communion suggested to him by the priest.

Outside, while the poor human soul in its newly found grace was peacefully departing, with kindly

strangers praying around or near at hand; outside, though as yet those within scarcely realized it, was raging such a snow storm as had not for years been known in the district—a storm which was long afterwards spoken of as the great snow storm—in which the roads and valleys were rendered temporarily impassible, in which no human being within reach of any kind of shelter, however poor, ventured further on his way, whatever his business.

The minutes passed, seven o'clock struck, and ere the strokes had died away, the soul of the poor wayfarer took its flight, cheered by the motherly presence of his kindly hostess and the spiritual comfort of the priest who had just reconciled him to his God. Upstairs to the chapel where Bertie and her friend knelt in prayer for the departing soul, word was sent at once to add the *De profundis*, for which Mr. Langrose and his son with all their Catholic guests quickly joined them. But what wonder if in one loving anxious little heart there *would* obtrude a prayer for him who had so promptly torn himself from her embrace in order that a poor brother should die at peace with God. Not even to her mother would she have yet avowed the strange uneasiness which was upon her; it would seem foolish, just because her lover, a soldier, too, was out on foot battling with a snow storm on a rough road.

No one as yet expressed or seemed to feel uneasiness, even as the deferred dinner hour approached and still Captain Mordaunt did not appear. The old nurse and her husband insisted that the poor stranger's remains should be quietly removed at once to their cottage among the out-buildings, there to wait until claimed for burial by a sister of his, who was married to an Englishman, to whom the poor fellow had wished news of his death to be quickly sent to the neighbouring town from which he had walked that night against her will.

"It won't upset us, ma'am, my old man and me," old Margaret had said to Mrs. Langrose, "to have the poor lad there a day or two, but it would not be fit to leave him here, willing as you are. It would make Christmas

Day *too* dark and gloomy, and would be downright bad for poor Miss Bertie, her last Christmas at home, bless her bonnie face, though it don't look very bright to-night. God send the Captain back soon, snow-covered though he'll be! and starved through, for he'll bring the smile back to her face again as no one else can."

And seing the justice of her arguments, Mr. and Mrs. Langrose gave consent, for it was scarcely fair to force more gloom upon their invited guests, now that all had shown such kindness and charity, and that they trusted they themselves had not omitted anything that in so sudden an emergency could have been done for the poor young stranger. It was right now to try and make a little brightness for their darling's last home Christmas, seeing that but for her no spiritual or temporal help would have rescued the poor wayfarer before he died.

It was when opening an outer door at the back of the house to ascertain the state of the weather before preparing reverently to carry out the corpse to its temporary resting place, that the two men-servants started back appalled at the violence of the storm, now raging at its height. From the depth of the snow heaps it must have gone on unabated for some time before it had been noticed within, except perhaps in that one uneasy glimpse taken by Bertie herself.

It was surely unfit for any creature to stir outside to-night; nay, impossible, as Mr. Langrose decided when summoned, so that for a few hours more at least the poor remains must stay there in the servants' hall, reverently covered, but precluding still anything like festivity in the household. Father Parker had intended to start back at once for N——after some refreshment, borrowing a fresh horse from the hall stables; but on realizing the violence of the blinding storm and the depth of the snow, Mr. Langrose refused to allow him to attempt the five miles' ride. Their own priest, Father Rooke, would certainly not return to-night, for no vehicle would be allowed to leave the station, even if his train should arrive there safely and punctually, and therefore the

other priest at N——being at home there to say the Christmas Mass next morning, to which none of them would be able to get, Father Parker must perforce remain as a duty to minister to them here at the hall in this unusual emergency. Going to various doors and windows to look out, the good priest had come at last to the above conclusion, admitting that it would be folly to set out, "especially as," he said with a half smile, "God seems to have sent me here for the double purpose of bringing back to Him that poor soul, and to say Mass to you all on Christmas Day."

And so, resigning himself to the collapse of all Christmas Day plans for his own congregation, he consented to join the rest at dinner, which could be no longer delayed. But though as yet no one spoke openly any anxiety, the meal was a gloomy one, in spite of fitful attempts all made to talk and be reasonably cheerful; and Bertie, whose bright winsome face they all hoped to see back again, was altogether absent.

Mr. and Mrs. Langrose, with all their guests, had tried and seemed to adopt Father Parker's apparently confident surmise that Captain Mordaunt had not set out at all on his return walk, but having stayed, as they knew, to get to confession, had decided to wait for some cessation of the storm, feeling sure they would guess he was doing so. This theory had at once been openly adopted as a certainty when his absence could be no longer accounted for to Bertie in any other way. She had listened silently when her mother told her, with a tender kiss and a cheery prophecy that Cecil's return all dry and comfortable next day would compensate for her darling's trial of to-night, adding how pleased they should all feel he had delayed his return in the first instance, as that must have given him time to realize the strength of the storm, as he could not have done had he started earlier, only to be overtaken by it on foot.

"Yes, mamma," she said at last, in a strangely weary tone, "but I would rather not come to dinner. I think—I am too tired; perhaps—the poor fellow's death

downstairs has upset me; I don't know, but they will all understand. I will just say my night prayers in the chapel and then go up to the sofa by my own bedroom fire and have some tea, if you will send me some, mamma."

"Yes, darling, and Aggie and I will sit with you till bedtime. Everyone will excuse us, it has been such an upset altogether of our Christmas Eve, but we don't regret it, do we, love? Indeed, we are glad, Bertie, darling, that God made so simple a thing as your merry meeting with Cecil on the verandah, the cause of a poor soul dying in His grace!"

"O, yes, mamma," and an effort at something like her own smile flitted over the young girl's face, as she turned away back again to the chapel, where alone with God and her own heart, she knelt in prayer for her bonnie, brave lover, trying to keep down the wild involuntary wish that she had not gone on to the terrace that afternoon, that she had waited for Cecil in the ordinary way indoors. Even for the very thought, involuntary as it was, she hated herself, and at each recurrence of it, she breathed a fresh prayer for the poor soul gone to its account, with a prayer, too, of thanksgiving that God had made her and Cecil the means of His grace.

Morning came, Christmas Day, fine bright and frosty after the storm, much of the snow frozen hard and slippery, so that the roads, though unpleasant and even dangerous, were more passable, in spite of the partial blocks at intervals. The fall of snow had ceased entirely before midnight, and now the sun, wintry though it was, was thawing and melting the heaps in places until soon the worst that threatened any wayfarer was having to wade ankle deep in the water.

The young Frenchman's body had been removed at an early hour out to the old nurse's cottage, and a letter lay waiting to be posted to his sister with the sad news of his death. Even among the guests there had been little sleep that night, somehow, the reason ostensibly being the agitating influence of the death in the

house the evening before, but in the hearts of most was another anxiety, another stronger influence, the wish to see Captain Mordaunt walk in safe and well into their midst. Her mother and Aggie had both begged to remain the night with Bertie, but she as earnestly begged to be alone, with a quiet resolution which to her mother seemed in a few hours to have changed their bright, merry darling into a serious, anxious woman.

Bertie was down first in the chapel next morning, waiting for Father Parker's Mass, no one knowing, but guessing perhaps, that sleep and she had been strangers all night long, and that she had been up betimes, gazing out at the white, dreary scene, though the daylight now lent her a fictitious cheerfulness, chasing away some of the unexpressed fears of the previous night, as daylight is apt to do. She joined the rest at breakfast, all being delighted to see a smile again on the bright face and to see her able to receive and offer Christmas congratulations cheerfully, though the day's festivities were, by general tacit consent, not to be in any way begun until Captain Mordaunt's return, now hourly looked for, and which would dispel some of the sympathetic gloom none could help feeling at thought of the poor dead stranger lying yet so near.

Father Rooke, the chaplain, had not yet returned either, so that for him, too, some uneasiness was beginning to be felt, but about an hour after breakfast, between ten and eleven o'clock, Father Parker began to prepare for departure, taking a man and a second horse with him in case Captain Mordaunt should not have started when he arrived at N——, to ensure one in case the other should have any slight accident on the way. He gave a kindly parting blessing to Bertie on leaving, bidding her keep up heart after her sad watch of the previous evening, and have a bright smile ready to greet Captain Mordaunt on his arrival. They all remembered afterwards that in reply to all kindly, cheery words and injunctions, she never made a reply, only smiled in a strange, quiet way, unnatural in merry, madcap Bertie.

A little later, when Father Parker was gone, in came their own chaplain, safe and sound, but almost starved to death, having been all night at the station with several other railway passengers, as, until now, when the thaw had set in, no vehicle could undertake the two miles drive over the country roads, though less rough and hilly than the longer distance to N——, in the opposite direction.

Father Rooke had met Father Parker almost just outside the park gates, where the two roads met, and so had already heard the sad experience which had come to spoil and yet gladden too, he hoped, their Christmas Eve: and he was full of reassuring confidence as to Captain Mordaunt, who would never have dreamed, he said, of returning on foot in such a storm as he could bear witness to. Indeed, he added, it would not surprise him if Captain Mordaunt were even yet unable to get a horse or vehicle in the little town, and must wait until Father Parker should arrive there, when one of the horses would then be at his service, after a little rest. The good priest spoke so confidently that only in one loving heart did any chill dread or foreboding still remain, and even there it was yet more hidden than before.

But the hours passed, luncheon was over, and he came not for whom they all looked. In his place there came a messenger from the N——presbytery, with a note from Father Parker, to be given quietly to Mr. and Mrs. Langrose. It was hurriedly written, evidently in great agitation, as follows:

"Captain Mordaunt is not here. He left last night, starting on foot within an hour after myself, having first gone to confession, as he had intended. On leaving the confessional he spoke a few words to Father Mason, as I had requested him, telling him of his errand to me and that I should return as quickly as possible to assist in the confessions as usual. Father Mason, not knowing the state of the weather, did not try to detain him, indeed, for the first half hour of his walk, it cannot have been so bad, as I can testify, though, even had he tried to get a horse, he would have

found great difficulty even then. After that I cannot feel surprised at anyone being delayed on the way. A party of men from the town are just starting out now to explore, and I have told them to inquire at all the outlying farms on the hills, as Captain Mordaunt may have wandered to any of them or purposely have taken shelter, if ill or hurt in any way. You can hardly keep the truth from Miss Langrose, poor child, but don't let her lose heart; her lover *must* be safe. I expect you will also send out to explore, and I will be with you again this evening, whatever happens."

No, the news could not be kept from Bertie; her mother told it to her with her own lips trembling, and holding both her darling's hands in a tight, loving grasp.

"It may be some hours, my love; we may have to wait long, but God will bring him back safe, Bertie, darling!"

But on her child's face, as she looked, the mother saw a look that frightened her in its white, mute misery, the sweet laughing eyes distended and fixed with a strange, wild stare, as her lips moved, but as if no sound would come from them. If she would only cry out or show some excitement, it would be better; but no, all through that weary day of suspense Bertie seemed to feel none; the cold, dread *certainty* had fallen at once with a sudden blow after her long hours of hidden fear. Quite still she sat, in her own room, crouching by the fire, her hands clasped on her knees, that white, fixed look on her face, turning away from food with a moan, uttering no word in reply to the loving, hopeful ones of father, mother, brother, and friends; so that at last only her mother and her special friend stayed with her, the doctor forbidding any others trying to disturb her.

"If we can bring poor Mordaunt to her even wounded or ill, that will rouse her, nothing else," one young man said, in a voice which visibly faltered as he looked at her. He himself was engaged to be married to a girl little older than Bertie, far away from England, and as he thought of her, his heart bled for this young girl's agony, which he could do nothing to relieve.

Only once when her friend tried again some hopeful words, were some wrung in reply from the dry, parched lips, startling the listeners.

"He will never come back, Aggie! He is dead, and I shall have killed him. He came to me, and I sent him away out into the storm. He had hardly kissed me, Aggie, and I let him go."

"O Bertie, darling!" her friend replied, "but *why* did you send him, for what a beautiful, holy, kindly reason! He would have gone of himself darling; he did, we know. And even if he were dead, Bertie, he would be a martyr of charity; *you* would not have killed him!"

But Bertie only looked at her with a despairing gaze, as if she did not comprehend.

Ay, Bertie was right; she knew, with love's unerring instinct, the truth which the rest had still refused to believe. Towards evening, when the frosty moon had risen bright and clear over the hills and dales, they found Cecil Mordaunt, quite dead, half covered still with slush and snow, lying in a deep gully off the road, about a mile from his journey's end, his white upturned face very calm and peaceful. His head was against a sharp, jagged stone, which must have given him his death blow, as he had evidently fallen upon it from the embankment above, having most likely missed his footing when perhaps dazed with fatigue, and half blinded by the driving snow and wind.

Had help been at hand, he might have been saved, but, alone there, unconscious, his very blood frozen as it flowed out into the hardening snow, with only God and His angels looking down upon him, he had died, only a mile away from Bertie—her brave young lover—the very death from which he had rescued a stranger only a few hours before.

Tenderly and reverently, with tears in their unaccustomed eyes, the rough men raised the young soldier on to the stretcher they had carried in their search, covering it gently over, and then all knelt down in the melting snow in a silent, instinctive prayer not

alone for him who was lying there dead, but for her who waited at home—"The poor young lady, whose heart would be just broke," as they all felt; for she was a favourite, far and wide—bright, winsome Bertie, to be bright, alas! never again.

Among the men was a coachman from the Hall—an elderly man, who had been long in their service, and as they all rose from their knees and raised the stretcher to begin their sad homeward walk, he said to the rest, "There's a song our young lady sings sometimes: I heard her at our servants' treat last Easter, and I thought it did not suit her then, someways—that it was too sad-like—they said it was 'Home they brought her warrior dead.' It strikes me, mates, it's come true to her now; I'll never have to say any more it didn't suit her!" Then, as if his own idea had agitated him still more, he was quite silent—every now and then rubbing his disengaged arm across his eyes; and in silence too, the rest proceeded on through the snow and thaw, in the moonlight, carrying their sad load, and with it agony and desolation to one already stricken heart.

Fr. Parker had ridden over and was at the Hall with them as well as their own chaplain when the shock fell, the blow for which they had all tried to prepare, but for which none seemed ready, only the chief sufferer herself. Her mother told her, holding her close to her breast as she had done so often in childhood, her own tears falling fast, with a longing that she could only die to save her darling this blow. But no tears come to Bertie's eyes as yet.

"I knew, mamma, I knew they were—bringing him back—dead," she said, in that strange moaning tone. "I must see him, mamma, at once. If they keep me away I shall die. I have—waited all day, and—I cannot bear it—ny more!" and she looked up with a wild entreaty in her eyes, seeing that her father, with the young doctor and Father Rooke, had come into her room, and were whispering together. "Let her see him," the doctor said to the rest, aside, "it will be worse to prevent it, it *may* do good; it may make her

break down if she sees him, and that may save her even, perhaps, from a brain fever."

And so her mother, with her arm encircling her, took her downstairs to the entrance hall, where, in one corner, just as they had brought him in a little while before, lay Cecil Mordaunt, covered, on the rude bier they had improvised, two or three men still there, at a reverent distance now, while Edwin Langrose knelt in grief-stricken silence close by the side of his dead friend, not having yet dared to raise the covering from the familiar face, waiting for his father and mother to order any further removal of the remains. But Bertie, having barely caught sight of the covered stretcher from the stairs, escaped from her mother's embrace, and with one cry and a few swift steps was on her knees by her brother's side and had torn away the cloth from the dead face with a convulsive grasp. Just one minute she gazed silently, then, with another cry, low and heart-broken, she bent her face down upon that of her lover, and, with her arms around his dead body, she wept out at last some of the pent-up agony, but not freely with tears, only in low sobs and short stifled cries at intervals, like one in physical pain.

For the present, at least, it saved her as they had hoped. When at last, after nearly half an-hour, that terrible anguish had spent itself somewhat, she let them lead her away from the side of her dead lover, with one long look at him as he lay in his last sleep, with a smile on his lips as of one at peace, a Christian soldier truly, who had died so that his Lord and King should claim another soul for His own. That look of Bertie's nearly broke her mother's heart, but, as they led her away, the wild agitation had gone from her eyes; it was a softened agony now, as she gave place to those who would with kindly hands make the precious remains ready for the grave.

A year ago Cecil Mordaunt had come home from Egypt, with the scars of two or three slight wounds received in honourable warfare, but safe and well—to find his death on a quiet lonely English road side, the

white cruel snow laying low the young life which had survived the more deadly missiles of the enemy.

Two days later, when the other poor dead one for whom their bright, bonnie soldier had died, was taken away with many tears and overwhelming thanks, by the sister and her husband to whom they had written, and when the Hall was clear of its saddened guests, there arrived poor Cecil's parents, bowed down with grief, to take him also away, for burial at his own home with others of his family.

The Mordaunts' place was distant two or three hours' journey, and with them were to go also for the funeral, Mr. and Mrs. Langrose, their son, and Bertie herself. With her the two days had passed in that stricken, silent woe, which made them all pray for tears to come to her, but as yet, only those cruel sobs seemed able to escape the broken heart, as she moved about mechanically, seeming at rest only when on her knees in the chapel or by the side of her dead love. From the latter post they could hardly tear her away; it seemed as though Cecil were not altogether gone while she could still look on his dead face, beautiful again now with more of its old charm than in the first shock of his sad coming home. She only seemed at peace by his side, or when placing upon his breast the choice white winter flowers they brought her, emblems, as they drooped there, of her own sweet, innocent joyous girlhood, bowed and faded, its brightness gone for ever. At nights, even in her mother's arms, she slept scarcely at all, while her mother prayed silently for the tears which would not come, glad even when one of those painful sobs shook the tired frame, bringing sleep at last by snatches.

She had insisted on seeing the young French-woman who came for her dead brother, and who knelt at Bertie's feet in demonstrative gratitude and pain on knowing who it was that had died so that her brother might live to God; that the young lady who spoke to her so quietly, who looked as though no joy had ever shone in her sad eyes, or on her white, still face, that she had

been only two days before, the brightest, merriest thing on earth, the loving, laughing, little bride-elect, busy about her wedding finery, looking out for her brave young lover, it wanting scarce three weeks to their marriage day.

At first they had hoped to keep Bertie at home with her mother, away from her lover's funeral; but at the suggestion that wild entreaty had come again into her eyes, as she turned to his mother and begged her not to let her be left behind. And so they promised to let her go, to take her with them, for had she not the greatest right, after all, to be near him to the last?

On the fourth day, therefore, after that snowy Christmas Eve, only four days after Bertie's merry, laughing meeting with her lover out on the terrace, they bore him away, dead, to the home of which Bertie was to have been one day mistress. But even as they reached it now, she did not break down fully, as they had feared; she only moaned and clung to her mother, as the sad burden was carried in to the brothers and sisters who came to meet it with the tears denied to her.

And through the long sad Requiem, through the fitting discourse preached, in the crowded little country church where all had loved him, on the young hero who had gone to his reward, whose pure, bright life had been lost in such a good cause, who had taken another soul with him to God, and whose own last act before setting out on that last fatal walk into the storm had been to cleanse away his own sins in the Sacrament of Penance—through all this, Bertie knelt motionless, no sound or motion escaping her. Only at last, when she saw the coffin disappear with its flowery coverings into the vault when it seemed to come to her suddenly that he was gone, that even on his dead face she would look no more, did a cry break from her like that first one on seeing him brought back to Langrose three days before. And in a few minutes, quietly with her mother, in the sacristy, away even from kindly eyes, Bertie wept out the torrent of her grief, the woe which had changed the bright,

winsome girl to the pale, stricken woman, pouring out at last the tears which they hoped might relieve the pent-up heart and save the overcharged brain.

But the blow had gone too far, too deep. Within a week after that sad, heart-rending funeral, back again in her own home, Bertie Langrose was lying ill with a sickness which at first they hoped might pass and be only a kindly relief to nature, but which in a day or two showed them their mistake. For soon their darling lay unconscious in the ravings of brain fever, for days knowing no one who came near her, nearly breaking their hearts by her piteous appeals to Cecil to come back quickly, not to stay out so long in the snow when she was waiting for him. At other times, spite of all efforts, she would be out of bed in a listening attitude on the verandah in fancy, they knew, as on the fatal eve, clasping her hands with a low, joyous laugh which went like a knife to her mother's heart, going on then to babble incoherent, smiling mutterings as she lay down once more and sank into her restless sleep. Or again, she was by the side of the young Frenchman who had innocently brought all this woe upon her, praying for his departing soul, as she had done during those first few anxious hours; and the doctors told the agonized parents that the mischief had begun even then, perhaps from the hour of her lover's departure, when, as they remembered now, a secret uneasiness must have been upon her, an agitation due to deeper cause than the natural compassion for the poor stranger taken into their home to die, unused though she was to scenes of death.

Bertie's youth and native health were the doctor's hope all through her piteous illness, all through the long days when the large wild eyes looked out in their pathetic gaze with no gleam of recognition; and only for a few hours at the most did they lose heart and fear that the young girl, a widow without having been a wife, would follow her lover to an early grave. It was during those few critical hours that her parents, having heard those

piteous ravings which revealed the depth to which that sudden wound had cut—it was then they offered, on their knees, to God the sacrifice of their darling if He willed to take her hence. To them her loss could never be repaired, dearer than ever as she would be now in her sorrow and pain; but to her the awakening to life would be so weary, so cruel at first, that the thought of it aided their sacrifice, the prayer of resignation they offered up by Bertie's bedside.

Their generous prayer was heard, not as they had half-feared but in a different fashion, for not yet were they to lose their darling. Slowly, precariously at first, Bertie recovered; she awoke again to her sorrow, just about the day which was to have been her wedding day. But the utter physical weakness of convalescence which for the time softens all other feelings made her content to lie there in perfect rest after all that fevered pain, her hand in her mother's; knowing that her lover was dead, that all brightness was gone for her out of the world, but rebelling no longer, able to shed quiet tears for the lost happiness buried away in Cecil's grave.

They took Bertie away after a while, looking like a pale, bowed, broken lily, away from England, into the bright Italian sunshine, for a time. There she would sit for hours, silent but able to smile again sadly and sincerely, weeping kindly tears over the thing which seemed her greatest consolation, a letter which had come to her during her illness, from the old Frenchwoman, mother of the poor young stranger for whom Cecil had died. Its language was homely and unstudied, but eloquent with the simple overflowing gratitude of the mother's heart while yet her grief was fresh for her son and the shock of his sudden death still upon her.

Her daughter had written to her a full account, evidently, of all that had happened on that fatal night, and of the kindness shown by each one of the family to herself as well as to her poor brother, and the bereaved mother wrote that the one wish of her life now was that she were well and rich enough to come to thank them

all in person, and to express her great grief to the *pauvre demoiselle* herself, to whom her son's accident had brought such a terrible woe. But it was the simple, earnest eulogium on Cecil himself, the blessing poured out upon his memory, the certainty the good old Frenchwoman seemed to feel, in her earnest faith, that for the salvation he had brought her boy *le beau gentilhomme* had been taken almost straight from his lonely snowy deathbed into God's bosom. It was over this that poor Bertie seemed to linger as though never weary of it, and at last in time she began to smile a sweet, almost radiant smile, as she grew able to speak of it to her mother, until one day she was able also to take a pen in her trembling hand and write a kindly, consoling reply to the poor old woman.

The days passed on, the bright summer came and faded, and Bertie Langrose came back slowly to health and strength, but the old bright, laughing girlishness would return, they all saw, never more. That was buried away with her heart in Cecil's grave; it was a sweet, sad woman, but uncomplaining always, and strong with a strange new strength, who was given back to her loving parents for a time. The change, when they fully realized how fixed it was, made her mother weep, even while she thanked God for the grace He gave her darling.

No mere pleasure or amusement seemed to have any charm now for "Madcap Bertie," as they used to call her in the past. She was only happy when quiet at home, or in going to the poor simple country folks whom she could help or cheer, and with whom she could sympathize now better than ever before; but she was happiest of all when quite alone in the little chapel before the Blessed Sacrament, where she would stay for hours sometimes, always coming away with a look on her face so like the old bright one, that her mother refrained from disturbing her or questioning her as to her long devotions.

And when the autumn drew on, and various friends

began to hope that Bertie might join a little gaiety—a few quiet festivities by degrees—she always firmly refused, saying once to her mother, who tried no more to persuade her to it:—

"Mamma, if I were to go out anywhere like that, I should enjoy nothing; I should only see Cecil all the time, lying in the snow: while I am quiet with you, or just about here at home, I am quite happy; I only see him as I *know* he is—safe in heaven with God. I am not wishing for him back, mamma—God wanted him: I was not good enough for him; I never could have been; but I should be unhappy if I tried to amuse myself again since that night."

And perhaps the anxious mother, hearing her speak so quietly, not as if under some mere passing emotion, seeing her, young girl as she was, develop so unexpected a strength of character under the trial which had gone so deep into her heart; perhaps she, in her own heart, felt some presentiment of what was coming to her darling—some feeling that if, as Bertie said, God had wanted Cecil, He would want her too for Himself, in another way, by a different sacrifice.

The day came which they had long dreaded for Bertie, the anniversary which, to their relief, broke bright and genial, almost spring-like in its mildness, with no snow or sign of it to bring back too vividly the fatal day a year ago, the year during which Bertie had not once gone out on to the terrace from which had been her last glimpse of her lover in life. She was very calm and quiet, almost bright-looking, as she rose from her thanksgiving after Communion at the Mass for Captain Mordaunt, and even when crying a little later, in her mother's arms, the sweet, kindly tears were not painful, but a relief to see.

It was during the afternoon she said to her mother, startling them all, quietly as she spoke—

"Mamma, I am going out on to the verandah, just for a few minutes, while it is still bright, before the sun goes down. I will wrap up well, and I shall like it.

I always meant to go to-day if it wasn't too cold." And she smiled quite naturally, even while her lips quivered a little.

They let her go alone, as they knew she would like best, to break the sad spell which had held her away from that spot; to stand, changed as she was, just where she had stood last time a year ago in her merry, madcap mood, to watch for her lover ere she sent him away on his noble unselfish errand, to his lonely death. In a little while they heard her stealing upstairs again to the chapel; and they knew that as it neared the hour of her parting with Cecil, she wanted to be alone there, to spend it before the Blessed Sacrament, to renew afresh upon his anniversary, the sacrifice they knew she daily offered from her heart of her life's happiness to God, who had so plainly asked it of her.

Later that evening, as they were about to take a little rest before the midnight Mass for which they had permission this year, it was made known to them what other prayer Bertie had offered during that silent hour alone with her Lord: they knew what further sacrifice she had heard asked of her in unmistakable whisper, and, having heard, had finally resolved upon.

With her arms round her mother's neck she told it to her, drawing her away into her own bedroom. "You won't fret, mamma, darling, you and papa, and Edwin. I shall be more your own child still than I should have been if I had gone far away with Cecil. You'll be proud, mamma, won't you, to let me go, to see Madcap Bertie a nun, after all? It is nothing new to me, mamma, darling; I have been thinking of it for months, ever since summer, I think, when we came home from Italy, and I now know God is calling me to *try*. I shall only be *quite* happy now in that way. Even before I went to the chapel this afternoon, while I was on the verandah I knew for certain. I felt hardly any pain and no regret whilst I stood there, thinking of that hour last year. I had dreaded going there; and when the time came I was able to thank God, mamma, for taking Cecil away. I loved him too much, or I should have done so. In

that or some other way I should not have made him happy or have been happy myself. I might have grown spoiled and selfish, and Cecil would have been too kind —too good. It might have been like that, I cannot tell, but *now* it will be—only God!"

On the fourth anniversary of that fatal snowstorm, two years and a half after her first entrance into religion, bright, winsome Bertie Langrose was a professed nun in the Carmelite Convent which had been her choice, as the Order had been her vocation. She was happy with a peace and joy which made her bereaved parents able at last to rejoice over the change in their darling; able to thank God for having called her and Cecil Mordaunt both away from earthly marriage; for having brought her to the high destiny of His spouse, through the sharp pain and trial, and sacrifice that arose out of her merry, innocent escapade that snowy Christmas Eve.

Scandal and Feathers.

AN OLD STORY

Monsieur l'Abbé de la Rue, Curé of S. Etienne in the little town of Valaise, lay dying—dying in the old presbytery where he had lived for well nigh fifty years, through fair weather and foul, through happiness and sorrow, ministering to the needs of his little flock, identifying himself with their interests, and helping them faithfully to "make their souls," while at the same time he "made" his own.

He was very feeble now, with a nun in constant attendance at his bedside.

One by one, well nigh the whole village had been to him—to say good bye, to ask for his prayers, to receive his parting blessing or absolution.

As an old Franciscan tertiary hobbled out, her hands on her crutches, her tears falling unchecked upon the floor, the nun remarked, as she gave her patient a little wine and water:

"Now Father, surely you have seen everybody, and you are quite exhausted. You must lie quiet for a bit while I—"

But at that moment the front-door bell of the little presbytery rang sharply, and a conversation in earnest undertones between the visitor and the old housekeeper followed.

"Sister! some one wants to see me," said the dying priest, suddenly and eagerly.

"Yes, Father dear, but to-day you have already seen so many you are quite—"

"Never mind! I will, I must see him Go quickly, say—"

As the nun moved towards the door she was met by the old housekeeper.

"Monsieur Leroy had come to see M. l'Abbé; he says he must see him; he will not be denied."

Even while she was speaking an old gentleman, about M. le Curé's own age, passed swiftly and quietly into the room; and without any preliminary greeting, threw himself on his knees at the bedside and began to speak.

"Father, Father, I was bound to come—I—" At a sign from the priest, the two were left alone together—and then M. Leroy went on.

"Father, I say I was bound to come. I can't let you die, I can't die myself without telling you. All these years I have been making false confessions to you. All these years I have been keeping something back—"

"My God, I thank Thee. Jesus, Mary, Joseph I thank you," murmured the priest, raising his eyes to heaven. "Well, my son?"

Then the old man told him how more than forty years ago he had been the author of a scandal about Father de la Rue, which for some little time had even cast a shadow on the holy priest's character, and for a much longer time caused him the keenest suffering.

"Yes, Father," went on the penitent, now amidst sobs and tears, "it was I only who invented it, and set it about, but nobody ever thought of me, because of that stranger who happened to come just then and go away suddenly. It was I who tried to let suspicion fall on him. O my Father, I did it all, and all because I was vexed with you for wanting me to—"

How well we know what followed! All praise be to the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ our Saviour, for ever and ever!

As soon as the absolved penitent could speak, he said: "But, Father, how about restitution? This little penance you have given me is nothing. I came ready to do the very greatest you could lay upon me; anything, everything, to undo this great sin, all these years of sin."

"Very well, my son, will you do exactly what I tell you?"

"Father! of course I will! you know I came—"

A gesture stopped him.

"My time is short," said the priest, "have you a penknife in your pocket? Yes—that is well. Now, draw this little pillow from under my head; take it into the garden, cut a small hole in it, and let out about half the feathers. Then bring it back to me, and make haste."

Astonished, but conscious that he was under obedience, M. Leroy did exactly as he was told, and returned with the pillow about half emptied.

"Well done, my son. Now go and see if you can bring me back the feathers you have let out."

"Father!!!"

"Go."

The poor man went back into the garden. Need we say that scarce a feather was to be seen. The wind had blown them all over the parish, and now much further, who could say?

In great trouble M. Leroy returned to the priest's bedside—one little feather between his thumb and finger.

"Father! the wind has blown them—"

But Father de la Rue only smiled!

"Do you not see, my son?" he continued feebly. "The sin of scandal is like the letting out of feathers. Its consequences can neither be undone nor recalled. Go now in peace. Dwell rather on God's pardon, and what Jesus and His Holy Mother have done for you; and—pray for me."

M. S. F.

FATHER OLIVAINT[1]

(1816–1871)

PETER OLIVAINT was born in Paris 22nd February, 1816, and baptized two days after, in the parish church of St. Merry; he was the eldest son of Anthony Olivaint and of Mary Magdalen Langlois. His father rose from the ranks to be an officer under the Empire, and served with distinction through all the campaigns from 1806 to 1813; he was wounded at Külm, and made prisoner at the battle of Dresden; at the conclusion of peace he returned to his home on half-pay. He was a straightforward man of an energetic disposition; he had been brought up by a pious mother, but like many others of his generation he gave up the practice of his religion.

Madame Olivaint was a high-minded, courageous woman, a fine character, but without religion. Madame Olivaint had two children besides Peter—a son called Jules, who became an officer in Africa, and a daughter, Mary Josephine, who died at the age of sixteen. The three children were brought up with little idea of religion, as far as their parents were concerned, and were rarely taken to church.

In 1828 Peter Olivaint was placed at a school which followed the classes of the Charlemagne College. It was no doubt at this date that he made his First Communion, but we have no record of the fact. He was a studious boy, but brilliant success did not for some time attend his efforts, though he always held a good place

[1] Condensed from the French Life by Père le Clair.

among his companions, many of whom in after years became distinguished men in their various callings. Having to contend with worthy rivals was very good training for Peter, and resulted in the great facility for composition and fluency of speech for which in after life both his teaching and preaching were remarkable. His health was delicate, which probably was partly the cause of the low spirits from which he often suffered ; he was of an affectionate disposition and very true in his friendship.

Olivaint was distinguished through all his college course by the innocence of his life. After the grace of God, he owed his escape from the many dangers with which his morals were beset to his strong will and self-respect. He had an intense love of his mother and was ready to do anything for her.

In 1835 Peter lost his father, who died without any visible reconciliation to the Church. In a letter to Father Lacordaire, in 1839, Peter says, speaking of his father: "The hope of helping his soul is one of my reasons for wishing to lead a life of self-sacrifice and penance."

The death of her husband left Madame Olivaint in comparative poverty, but she cheerfully denied herself every comfort that the education of her sons might not suffer. Thanks to her self-denial, their studies were not interrupted. Olivaint was wise in his choice of friends, and his mother being pleased to see them at her house, it was usual for five or six to dine at her table every Sunday and Thursday.

At the age of twenty, young Olivaint, having taken his degree, left the Lycée Charlemagne, and it became necessary for him to decide on his future career. In consequence of the death of his father he was practically the head of his family. Being poor, his profession must be one which would enable him to keep his mother in comfort as well as support himself. Both education and taste led Peter to try for a professorship, which at that time was the road to political fame. Accordingly, he tried for a burse at the École Normale, which he succeeded in obtaining early in October, 1836.

Humanly speaking, Peter had every prospect of a

successful future, but life at the École Normale was not likely to lead his soul to God. There were many opinions among the professors on religious matters, but none favourable to Christianity, unless we except Buchey, who founded his philosophy on the Gospel, though he put his own interpretation on the truths which he drew from it. Another danger to which Peter Olivaint was exposed was that of being carried away by revolutionary principles. The three years of his life at the École Normale were eventful ones for his own development, and no doubt many a soul benefited in years to come by the experience he had acquired from the mental struggles through which he passed during this period.

As at college, so here did he make firm friendships. In 1835 he began to attend the Conferences which Lacordaire was giving at Notre Dame, in Paris, and by them he became interested in the study of Christian doctrine. In 1837 Lacordaire vacated the pulpit at Notre Dame in order to arrange at Rome the restoration of the Dominican Order. His place was taken by Père de Ravignan, who chose for his subject the perpetual struggle between the Church and error. Peter again attended the sermons; and on the 22nd of February, 1837 (his 21st birthday), he made up his mind to speak to Père de Ravignan. He accordingly went to call on him, as he said, to discuss his difficulties. The Jesuit was ready to do as his visitor wished, on one condition. "My friend," said the priest, "the first thing for you to do is to go to confession, and then we shall see what to do next."

"Go to confession!" Why, that should be the last thing, only to come when he saw the truth clearly. He did not see clearly. He required time for reflection; if that was the condition he must go away. In vain the Father gently but firmly told him that an act of humble faith would do more to dispel his doubts than a long discussion, and that if his soul was reconciled to God, light and grace would be poured into his soul. Olivaint's pride rebelled at the mere thought of kneeling before man, forgetting that it is our Lord who speaks and

blesses by the ministry of His priests. He would not obey, so he left the parlour and went home.

When he was alone, he prayed earnestly; in silent prayer he learnt the value of humility and contrition; to use his own words, "God converses with man in prayer and reveals many things between a *Pater* and an *Ave*." In his silent prayer he learnt the meaning of "Blessed are the clean of heart." At the end of the week he returned to Père de Ravignan and made his confession; the victory was won, and the reward of humbling his pride was that every doubt had disappeared.

About this time two other college friends of Olivaint's, Felix Pétard and Charles Verdière, were converted: the trio became known for their practical religion. At first they had to bear the raillery of their companions; they were called "simpletons"; but by degrees their moral courage and patience made peaceful conquests amongst their companions. The three friends had found from their own experience that prayer is a far more powerful weapon in spiritual warfare than controversy, and many a conversion did they win by their fervent prayers at the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. The three friends became members of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, which had shortly before been started in Paris for the spiritual and temporal relief of those in distress, and were deputed to found a branch of the Society in the parish of St. Michard, one of the poorest in Paris, in which at that time untold good was being done by the Sisters of Charity, whose superior for many years was Sœur Rosalie. It was she who received the Cross of the Legion of Honour for her heroic devotion to the poor; the young men had the benefit of her advice to guide them in their difficult task. Out of the twelve founders of the conference of St. Michard, six became Jesuits, Olivaint, Pétard, and Verdière being of the number. Whilst Olivaint was devoting his time and himself to the relief of the suffering and sorrowful, grace was urging him to sacrifice all the goods of this world, and was placing in his heart the germs of a religious vocation.

During the vacation of 1838 Olivaint read an account

of the intended restoration of the Dominican Order in France by Lacordaire. His prayer had long been "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and this announcement seemed to him the answer of his prayer. Self-sacrifice was the great desire of his heart; here was an occasion for it; surely his wish to be a Dominican could not be a delusion? No, but the army of sacrifice has many battalions, and it is the Commander who chooses the battalion in which each soldier shall serve: it was by placing insuperable difficulties in his way that God showed him that his place was still in the world. His mother, brother, and sister depended greatly on him for support; he tried hard to believe it was not his duty to remain at home until they were provided for, but on placing the matter before Lacordaire he saw clearly that God did not, at any rate for the present, wish him to embrace the religious life.

He had now finished his studies at the École Normale and was named professor of history at Grenoble. It was a sorrow to be parted from his mother, when for her sake he had sacrificed so much. As duty required Olivaint to remain in the world he determined to serve God as faithfully as he could, knowing that it is a delusion to neglect the present in dreams for the future; he accordingly made the most of the two great means at his disposal, study and good works. Study was necessary to secure the comfort of his family, charity the means of preparation for the religious life, which still remained the object of his desire.

Père de Ravignan preached the Advent sermons that winter at the Cathedral, and Olivaint did not fail to seek his advice as to the best manner of carrying out his desires of perfection; he chose Monsieur Albertin, a very holy priest, for his director, under whose wise guidance he made great spiritual progress. As usual, he soon made friends; the gift of personal influence is one for which a strict account will have to be given hereafter; in this case, the responsibility it entailed was fully realized. A conference of St. Vincent de Paul was soon started and was the means of doing much

good, and, though Olivaint was only a few months at Grenoble, the effects of his holy life were felt for many years.

In July, 1840, his sister died, and Olivaint returned to Paris in August, being appointed sub-professor of history at the Bourbon College. This appointment enabled him to live with his mother, his free time being spent between care of her and the practice of works of charity. Amongst these were three to which he more particularly devoted himself—the patronage for young workmen, the Society of St. Francis Xavier (a kind of Christian trades' union), and visiting the hospitals. He was an angel of mercy to the dying. It has been truly said that what we know of the good works of the Saints is a very small part of their merit, God alone knowing how much they have really done for His sake. At least once a week he went to the hospital, and on one visit alone he is known to have gone from bed to bed and persuaded fifty people to make their Easter confession and communion. This kind of life is what Olivaint speaks of as "fidelity in little things."

As professor of the College Bourbon Olivaint had a successful career before him, but he never faltered in his resolution of becoming a religious. He had to reconcile his filial duty with fidelity to a religious vocation. How was this to be done? He only knew that God never requires anything from His creatures without providing the necessary means to accomplish what He asks. He knew that fidelity to present grace was the way to accomplish any design God might have in his regard.

The Duke of Rochefoucauld Liancourt, in 1841, wanted a tutor for his youngest son George, aged 13, and offered the post to Peter Olivaint. Acceptance meant the sacrifice of an independent position for himself, but by this sacrifice he would be able to secure a permanent provision for his mother. Olivaint felt the hand of Providence in this offer, and accepted it: he did not then know that he was to become an eminent master, and that the three years with his pupil would give him the unusual opportunity of comparing the advantages

and disadvantages of public and private education, an experience which would greatly add to the authority of his advice.

Montmirail had been the dwelling of many celebrated persons. The pious associations of the place were as remarkable as the historical ones. It was the home of John de Montmirail, called "the humble," the friend of Philip Augustus, a perfect soldier and a perfect Christian. In the seventeenth century St. Vincent spent some time here as tutor to the sons of M. de Gondi, and in the beginning of the century the holy Abbé Legris-Duval, tutor of the Viscount Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld Doudeauville, had followed St. Vincent's example, and from his charity and zeal had been styled a second St. Vincent. The room which had been theirs was now occupied by Olivaint.

The old Duchess Doudeauville was living still at Montmirail, surrounded by her grandchildren and great grandchildren. Hers had been a very eventful life: she had married in 1779, and had seen the troubles of the Revolution and her recollections were unusually varied and instructive.

It was a happy Christian home, but Olivaint's life was not without its trials. He had been accustomed to lecture in a college, and it was no easy task for him to give up important studies and devote himself to teaching rudiments to one pupil. These difficulties he looked upon as opportunities to overcome himself: he took St. Vincent de Paul as his model, and in order to sanctify the soul of his pupil he began by heroic efforts to sanctify his own: he spent long hours at night in the castle chapel, and there he found grace to overcome himself, and light to guide his pupil, who made great progress both in learning and virtue under his care.

Whilst Olivaint was living quietly at Montmirail, preparing himself for his missionary life by prayer, study, and self-sacrifice, the war against the Church, which for a time had seemed at an end, broke out with fresh fury. The enemies of the Church could not forgive the victory which the Catholics had gained on the subject of

education, by doing away with the obligation of state education, and as usual the Jesuits were attacked.

In 1839 Olivaint had written to Lacordaire, "Perhaps you will be persecuted, and I shall not be there to suffer with you." The persecution and calumny to which the Jesuits were exposed appear to have rekindled his longing for self sacrifice. There is no record of the time when Olivaint first thought of being a Jesuit, nor of how the thought became a determination, but there is little doubt that one great attraction to the Order was the hope of suffering persecution for justice' sake. During the years which had passed since 1839 he had been able to provide for the support of his mother, so that his filial duty was no longer an obstacle to his embracing the religious life. It was a great sorrow to him that his mother should oppose his resolve, and he could only pray that the day might come when she would be able to rejoice in her son being a priest.

On the 3rd of May, 1845, Olivaint entered the Jesuit noviceship at Laval, at the age of twenty-nine. The next few years were uneventful, according to the ordinary meaning of the word, but during this time he was acquiring the reserve of grace and strength which can only be obtained by prayer and self-denial. Such a decided character must have had many trials before arriving at the "indifference" (namely, the habitual free gift of the will) which is the groundwork of religious life.

Those who lived with Olivaint during these years all bear testimony to his earnest self conquest, and to the victory which was the result of his severity to himself. During his novitiate he was sent to Vannes, and from there to Brugelette in Belgium, at which place he was ordained priest September 1, 1850. The following year he was sent to the Rue des Postes, Paris, where he spent his time between study and visiting the poor During this time he used to say Mass daily at five in the morning at the house of the Sisters of Charity, Sœur Rosalie's Convent. The year passed very quickly in the humble works which were entrusted to him: how

often when in a position of responsibility did his thoughts go back to the peaceful days in the Rue des Postes!

In 1852 Père Olivaint was sent to teach history in the College of Vaugirard. He had now little time to himself, but he had learnt the lesson which God reveals to those who strive for perfection, that there is a supernatural end to be attained through our ordinary actions: and that it is by sanctifying our own souls that we are able to win others to the service of God. For four years he taught history and was prefect of studies. In 1857 he was appointed Rector. He deeply felt the responsibility of the position: the necessity of being entirely a willing instrument in the hands of God made him more severe than ever to himself. In this position his virtue and learning were necessarily more conspicuous. Unfortunately he had a severe manner which alarmed strangers. He did his best to overcome it, but was aware that he often repelled those whom his sympathy wished to attract.

He was a good superior, and those who were under him knew that, though his advice was always at their service, he never interfered unnecessarily with their views of carrying out the duties with which he charged them. His patience was untiring; if he had to correct, the correction was a greater pain to him than to the person who received the reprimand. When some small matter was in question he generally managed to convey the reproof in a joking manner: for instance, when he saw a young master hurrying along he said, laughing, "Well, you *are* going fast: it might have been myself!" In fact, walking slowly was a trouble to him: one day when he thought he was alone, he was seen to run up some steps, stop short, come down slowly and go up at the same pace, because he considered it necessary to be particular in little things; there is far more courage required in such cases than one thinks.

No one who saw Père Olivaint's energy, brightness, and attention to the many calls upon him, would have

suspected what tortures he suffered from rheumatism. The infirmarian tells us that in the morning he had the greatest difficulty to get out of bed from the stiffness of his limbs. Once up, his heroic patience enabled him to hide from others the suffering he was in; he was always cheerful, and would turn the conversation if his health was alluded to. Olivaint took great interest in all the boys under his care, studied each character, and tried to guide each in the manner most suitable for its wants.

His advice was very clear and practical: to hold firmly to a principle and to yield in matters where none is concerned was a point on which he was decided. One of his pupils wrote down many of the answers which he received from him. Many of the boys went to Communion once a week, and Père Olivaint was asked if the habit was to be continued in the world. "Many people," he answered, "would tell you such a thing is impossible: I say it is a question which must be settled according to the needs of each soul, by a confessor. Every man does not have a coat the same length as his neighbour, what fits one is not the right size for another: the same applies to spiritual things." "What is to be done," he was asked, "when you go into the world and find yourself in direct opposition, as to principles and opinions, with those you meet?" "First, as a rule do not argue; discussion is of little use in such cases: explain the truth clearly, and simply say, 'This is my opinion, judge for yourself as to its worth.' Secondly, in a case where you must argue, take the offensive, do not always wait to be attacked. In a duel, if one has to be in the sun and dust, lots are always drawn to see which shall have the disadvantageous position; one does not say to the other, 'You stand with the sun in your eyes, whilst I send a bullet through your heart.' In a duel of opinions, forty-nine out of fifty Catholics take the worst position. Why not attack and say, 'You want to prove me wrong, tell me what you hold to be truth: explain this, define that?' You will usually find your adversary is

not prepared to give definitions, and thinks it best to drop the subject." "Well, Father," said the young man, "that may be the right thing for a clever man with a ready answer for every question, but what is to happen to such as I, who have only a superficial knowledge?" The answer was: "With a solid Catholic education such as you have had you will seldom be at a loss, but supposing you do find yourself unable to give a satisfactory answer, study the question; there is a great sameness in the objections brought against the Church, and probably they will all have been brought under your notice in the first six months after leaving college."

The numerous claims on his time and attention which were necessitated in the administration of a college of four hundred pupils, did not prevent Father Olivaint being much interested in other good works. He instituted the Society of the Infant Jesus, having as its object a home where young women could stay and be instructed for their First Communion. Like most of God's works, the beginning was on a small scale; it was founded in 1859 with three members, and between that date and 1877 it had received 7,785 girls. The second work which owed so much to him was the Society of St. Francis Xavier, of which he had been a zealous supporter when at the École Normale.

On February 22, 1865, Father Olivaint writes: "I am forty-nine to day; what have I done for our Lord? Do not pray for health for me, suffering and weakness of body have many advantages for the soul, but pray that I may love more, love our Lord truly."

After thirteen years at Vaugirard, he was in August, 1865, sent to the Rue de Sèvres as Superior, in the place of Père Ponlevoy, who was made Provincial. He prepared himself by a fervent retreat for his new office, and during the next five years he made the progress in perfection which was rewarded by the crown of martyrdom. Father Olivaint's spirit of self sacrifice had always been great, but his longing for it was ever on the increase. "Lord, if I cannot love Thee as I ought,

let me at least gain souls to love Thee!" That was his prayer.

Father Olivaint was seldom heard in the large churches of Paris, but there was rarely a week when he did not preach three or even five times. His style is best explained by the words of a clever man, who, after hearing him, said, "He may not be a cultivated orator, but he is one of those who occupies himself greatly with his subject, little with his style, and has no thought of himself." His humility much preferred this simple method of instruction, but on a few occasions, when obliged to give a special sermon, he did it in a manner which showed of what he was capable.

One of his great consolations was his mother's conversion. She lived at Les Oiseaux Convent, Paris, and there he frequently saw her; he attended her in her last illness and was with her when she died.

For several years Père Olivaint had seen that the spirit of revolution and irreligion was rapidly gaining strength, and that sooner or later the catastrophe must come. What distressed him more than the violence of the enemies of social order, was the cowardice of those who should have stood by its interests. Amongst his notes is one headed "Catholic conduct:" "Catholics hide instead of coming forward, they betray one another instead of holding together, they retire instead of advancing, they alone make concessions, they exalt their adversaries, and humble their defenders."

Père Olivaint felt that the days of persecution were at hand; he insisted on taking legal means to defend the Order, but he knew that in a revolution law is an empty word. On the 1st of August, 1870, he made his retreat. As early as the 11th of that month he said to a friend: "The Radical party will take advantage of the weak Government, and we shall have a revolution; the religious houses will be attacked, and the Jesuits will be the first to be visited; they will find us each at our post. What our fate will be, the future will tell you!" About the same time he said to Père Ponlevoy: "It

the Socialists are in power there is no doubt as to what our fate will be." He had a presentiment that his end was near.

At the end of March, in the following year, he was preaching at Les Oiseaux, and dwelt on the text, "A hair of your head shall not perish." "You might say at this moment that not only a hair but the head is in danger: well, if the head is to fall it will be with God's permission: if we are selected to shed our blood for the regeneration of France, what a blessing and honour for us: if we are not so honoured, let us humble ourselves." The same day he saw the Provincial, and told him all the arrangements he should make for the safety of those under his charge, and, returning to the Rue de Sèvres, wrote down all his instructions. As he finished he said: "They will come. Courage and confidence." On April 2nd a friend asked him if he did not think it prudent to leave Paris. He answered, "We have been warned that a search is to be made, and we shall probably be arrested to-morrow or the day after: it is our duty to be at our post. Out of Paris we should regret the good which we may be able to do inside its walls." On April 4th news was brought that Saint Geneviève's school had been searched, and that the Fathers Ducoudray, Bingy, and Clerc had been taken as hostages to the large prison adjoining the Palais de Justice, where in the course of the day they were joined by Mgr. Darboy, Mgr. Surat, M. Deguerry, Curé of the Madeleine, and others. It had been arranged that Père Olivaint should leave the house in the Rue de Sèvres in charge of two Fathers and go himself out of reach of danger. As long as danger was only a possibility, he was willing to go; but once danger was a certainty (as the arrest of his friends proved to be the case), he was determined to remain. Going calmly to Père Bazin, whom he had told to remain, he said, "Father, I have changed my plans; I shall stay here instead of you." The Father ventured to remonstrate, but Père Olivaint answered, "I am Superior: I ought to be here, and I wish to be."

Father Olivaint had been warned that the house was to be searched between seven and eight that evening. About seven, the Father was seen walking up and down the corridor saying his Office: when asked why he was reciting it there, he answered, he was waiting. At a quarter-past seven he went to the refectory, it being the hour for collation. Whilst in the refectory he was told that there were a hundred men at the door, headed by a Dr. Goupit and a dentist named Lagrange. Père Olivaint at once came to the delegates from the Commune, who were in the parlour. Goupit announced that the goods of the house were confiscated and that he had come to search for arms; he added, "I am in a hurry, so I depute citizen Lagrange to take my place." As Goupit went away he turned to Lagrange and said in a low voice, "If you find nothing, bring two away with you."

The search began at once. When they got to the refectory they stopped to finish the food they found there; they went to the church (from which the Blessed Sacrament had been removed), and to the library, but these were only preliminaries, for the principal if not only end of the expedition was to get hold of the safe and its contents. When they got to the Procurator's room, where it was kept, Père Olivaint was told to open the safe quickly: it could only be done with a combination of letters, and these letters the Father did not know. "Why do you not open it?". "I am not Procurator," he answered; "he who holds the office is not here." Lagrange was very angry and insisted on his being sent for. After a moment's reflection and prayer, Olivaint sent the sacristan to fetch Father Caubert, and four men were sent with him. When at Roquette on the eve of his death, Father Olivaint, when talking to Fr. Bague, alluded to his having done this. "You were, I am sure, astonished at my sending for Caubert." The Father owned he was. "I was aware I was exposing him to danger, but doing this meant saving others. I knew the holiness of Father Caubert, that death was the worst that could happen to him, and that he would look upon this as a blessing."

When the sacristan arrived at the house where Father Caubert had taken refuge, he was found praying. "There is the key," he answered: "am I to go with it?" "The Superior sent for you," upon which he got up, took his hat and followed them. On reaching the Rue de Sèvres the Procurator explained that the siege had exhausted their funds and the safe was empty, which was found to be the case. Lagrange was furious, and saying that it was only a Jesuitical ruse to cheat them, arrested the Superior and the Procurator, who were led to the depôt of the Prefecture of Police, where they were put into separate cells.

On April 5th the Commune declared that for every prisoner of war or member of the Commune executed by the regular army, three of the hostages should forfeit their lives. Every prisoner thus felt that his life was in danger. Their one great wish was to receive Holy Communion, it being impossible for them to say Mass; and with great difficulty the Sacred Host was conveyed to each of the Fathers on the day on which they were moved to the prison of Mazas, and again just before their execution. The whole day was spent in meditation. During this time Father Olivaint made a thirty days' retreat.

On the 22nd of May, the order was received to transfer the archbishop and other hostages to La Roquette. It was a fatiguing journey, exposed to the insults of the rabble; they were each shut into a separate dungeon for the night, but the following day were allowed to be together. Father Olivaint was able to assist the archbishop, who was much weakened by privation and suffering.

On the evening of the 24th of May, the archbishop, M. Bonjean, M. Deguerry, Frs. Clerc and Ducoudray, and Abbé Allarot were led out of the prison. A few minutes after two volleys were heard, and the survivors, praying in their prison cells, knew that all was over for their friends, and that their turn was likely to come very soon.

On the 26th of May, about four in the afternoon, as

the prisoners were taking exercise in the corridor outside their cells, the Brigadier Ramain appeared, and called out: "Answer to your names, I want fifteen." Father Olivaint was the first called and next Father Caubert. Just as he was leaving the prison Father Olivaint noticed that he still had his breviary in his hand, the constant companion he would no longer require. In order to save it from insult, he turned to the porter and said, "Here is my book:" but hardly was it in the man's hand than a republican soldier snatched it away and threw it into the flames; the porter took it out as quickly as he could, and some time after gave it to Father Ponlevoy.

A long march brought the hostages to the place of execution at the Rue Haxo. There, without even a semblance of order, the massacre began, and lasted for an hour, during which every torment and indignity was showered upon the hostages until there was no doubt that all were dead. Father Olivaint received a ball in the heart, and his skull and jaw were broken.

The bodies of all those massacred were thrown together into a large pit but only for two days. On May 28th the Commune was overthrown; the same day the remains of Father Olivaint and his companions were rescued and taken to the Rue de Sèvres, where the bodies of Father Ducoudray and Father Clerc had already been received. All were solemnly placed in the chapel dedicated to the Martyrs of Japan.

Those who wish can see at the Rue de Sèvres the half-burnt breviary and the instruments of penance belonging to Father Olivaint, which were found in his room by Father Lefebre when he went in after the Father had been taken away. "Blessed is that servant whom when his Lord shall come He shall find watching."

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Before and After the Reformation.

A CONTRAST.

By J. H. M.

Those who are not very old can remember the time when it was the boast of the members of the Established Church that their Church had at the Reformation separated itself from the Church which existed in England before the Reformation. Theirs was a Protestant Church; the Church before the Reformation was Popish; Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were saints, who had laid down their lives to free their country from gross errors and superstitions; the "invocation of saints" was with them a "fond thing vainly invented"; "the sacrifices of Masses" were "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits"; and it was their firm belief that "by the space of eight hundred years and more" (before the Reformation) "laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children of whole Christendom (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think)" were "drowned in abominable idolatry," as the *Homily against Peril of Idolatry* teaches. Of course, to people holding these views it never occurred that, as regards essentials, their Church and the Church before the Reformation were identical.

But since those days a great change has taken place. New views have come into fashion, the Tractarian and Ritualistic Movements having led to a revival of many Catholic doctrines and practices. In "High" Churches

doctrines are now taught, and ceremonies are now in use, which would have shocked Anglicans of any generation from the Reformation to nearly the middle of the present century; and, as this revival does not accord with old-fashioned Protestant notions, a new theory has been started in defence of the Established Church, and that is, that in essentials it is identical with the Church before the Reformation; that it is merely a continuation of that Church. This new theory is now being continually reiterated on all sides, and we are told that, if only we study history, we shall be convinced of the truth of it. To history then let us go, and see what it has to say about several of these essentials. In this inquiry it will not be necessary for us to go so far back as the British Church, for what we want to know is whether, as regards the essentials we are going to consider, there is any real identity between the Church of the English people before the Reformation and the Established Church afterwards.

The Headship of the Church.

Let us begin with the Headship of the Church. Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is quite evident that the English people, from the time of their conversion to Christianity down to the reign of Henry VIII., acknowledged the Pope to be the Head of the Church, and never doubted that he had jurisdiction within this realm. As we all know, at the end of the 6th century the English had conquered and taken possession of the country that we now call England, and English heathenism had taken the place of British Christianity, except in some remote parts: and the first who came to convert these heathen English to Christianity was St. Augustine, a Roman Abbot, who with a band of monks landed in Kent in 597. St. Augustine was sent by a Pope, Pope Gregory, and on his mission proving successful, he was appointed, by the same Pope, Archbishop of the English nation, and received from him the pallium, the badge of authority worn by Archbishops. Much has been said lately of the partial failure of St. Augustine's mission, and of the share that the Irish missioners Aidan,

Cedd, Ceadda, and their followers had in the conversion of the English, as a proof of the independence of the Church of England, its independence, as regards Rome. It is indeed true that these holy and zealous missioners did much towards the conversion of this country, and we owe them a great debt of gratitude, and it is also true that on certain points they differed from the Roman missioners: but their differences were on matters of discipline only, such as the fashion of the tonsure, and the time of keeping Easter; and Mr. Green, a Protestant historian, in his *Making of England*, tells us that immediately after the Synod of Whitby in 664, which was summoned for the settlement of these differences, "from the Channel to the Firth of Forth the English Church was now a single religious body within the obedience of Rome, and the time had come for carrying out those plans of organization which Rome had conceived from the first moment of Augustine's landing."[1] He goes on to describe how those plans were carried out. He tells us that, on the death of Deusdedit Archbishop of Canterbury, Oswy King of Northumbria, and Egbert King of Kent selected Wighard for the post of Primate of all England, and sent him for consecration to Rome. Wighard, however, died on his arrival in Rome, and on his death Pope Vitalian fixed on Theodore, an Eastern monk, and sent him to England, and "he came," says Mr. Green, "with a clear and distinct aim—the organization of the English dioceses, the grouping of these subordinate centres round the see of Canterbury, and the bringing the Church which was thus organized into a fixed relation to Western Christendom through its obedience to the see of Rome. With this purpose he spent the three years which followed his arrival, from 669 to 672, in journeying through the whole island. Wherever he went he secured obedience to Rome by enforcing the Roman observance of Easter and the other Roman rites, while his very presence brought about for himself a recognition of his primacy over the nation at large. As yet no Archbishop had crossed the bounds of Kent, and

[1] p. 325.

to the rest of Britain the primate at Canterbury must have seemed a mere provincial prelate like the rest. But the presence of Theodore in Northumbria, in Mercia, in Wessex alike, the welcome he everywhere received, the reverence with which he was everywhere listened to, at once raised his position into a national one. 'He,' says Bæda, 'was the first of the Archbishops whom the whole English Church consented to obey.'" [1]

In 735, too, we find Egbert, who occupied the see of York, procuring from Rome "his recognition as Archbishop": and Offa, King of Mercia, wishing an Archbishopric to be founded in his kingdom, sought the permission of the Pope, Adrian I. "The mission of two Papal legates to Britain in 786 was the result of urgent letters from the King; and in a synod, held under their presidency in the following year, Lichfield was raised into an Archbishopric with the Bishops of Mercia and East Anglia for its suffragans." [2] And in 803, for certain reasons, Lichfield was reduced by Pope Leo III. to a Bishopric. In a Saxon bidding prayer, which Canon Simmons quotes in his *Lay Folks' Mass Book* there are these words: "Let us pray for our Pope in Rome and for our King." [3] Thus it is evident that the Church of England in those early days was Roman Catholic, and acknowledged the Pope to be Head of the Church.

And, if we study the history of England, we shall find that from those days to the Reformation there was no change in this respect. We shall find that all the Archbishops of Canterbury, down to and including Cranmer, received the pallium, the badge of archiepiscopal authority, from Rome, and took the oath, promising allegiance to the Holy See; and that the spiritual authority of the Pope was always recognized by King and people. In a paper of this kind it would occupy too much space to give the many proofs that are to be met with in history with reference to this subject, from Anglo-Saxon times to the Reformation; and I will therefore only mention what has been said and done by those competent to form an opinion.

[1] p. 330. [2] *Making of England*, pp. 404 and 422. [3] p. 63.

Henry VIII., in his *Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Luther*, says, that "Luther cannot deny that every orthodox Church acknowledges and venerates the most Holy Roman See as Mother and Head." Hallam, in his *Constitutional History of England*, speaking of an act passed, in the reign of Henry VIII., to take away all appeals to Rome from Ecclesiastical Courts, tell us that it "annihilated at one stroke the jurisdiction built on long usage and on the authority of the false decretals."[1] With regard to these false decretals, I may just remark that they were written about the middle of the 9th century, and therefore they could have had nothing to do with the Pope's jurisdiction in this country, which, as I have shown, was firmly established in the 7th century. Then we have the evidence, not in words only but in deeds, of Sir Thomas More and the Bishops deposed in the reign of Elizabeth. Sir Thomas More, who suffered martyrdom in defence of the Supremacy of the Pope, was, we know, a most learned man, an able lawyer, and well acquainted with the constitutional history of England; a reformer in the right sense of the word, and a thorough Englishman. Is it likely that such a man as this would have laid down his life at a time when he was in the enjoyment of everything that could make that life attractive, for a jurisdiction which was not built on long usage, and which it was the duty of Englishmen to get rid of? In the reign of Elizabeth, fifteen out of the sixteen bishops refused the oath of Supremacy, and were deposed.

We thus see that the English people, from the 7th to the 16th century, acknowledged the Pope to be the Head of the Church. At the Reformation all this was changed. Henry the VIII. assumed the title of "protector and only supreme head of the Church and clergy of England"; and that this was no empty title, we may learn from Mr. Green's *History of the English People*. He tells us that "the Articles of Religion, which Convocation received and adopted without venturing on a protest, were drawn up by the hand of Henry himself. The

[1] p. 60.

Bible and the three creeds were laid down as the sole ground of faith. The sacraments were reduced from seven to three, only Penance being allowed to rank on an equality with Baptism and the Lord's Supper."[1] And speaking of the new version of the Bible, then published, he says: "The story of the Supremacy was graven on its very title page. The new foundation of religious truth was to be regarded throughout England as a gift, not from the Church, but from the King. It is Henry on his throne who gives the sacred volume to Cranmer, ere Cranmer and Cromwell can distribute it to the throng of priests and laymen below."[2] And in the reign of Elizabeth when the new religion was fully established, all the beneficed clergy, and all laymen holding office under the crown, were obliged to take the following oath of supremacy: "I, A. B. do utterly testify and declare, that the Queen's Highness is the only supreme governor of this realm, and all other her Highness's dominion and countries, as well in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things or causes, as temporal: and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm." Thus, by the tyrannical conduct of Henry and his daughter Elizabeth, the usage of nearly a thousand years was altered; and the result was that the English people were separated from the rest of Christendom, and their religion, which had been Catholic, became the religion of a race. We see, then, that as regards this essential, the Headship of the Church, the Established Church is not identical with the Church before the Reformation.

The Holy Eucharist.

Let us next take the Holy Eucharist, and see whether, as regards the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice, there is any identity between the Church before the Reformation and the Established Church. In the Sarum, and other English Missals in use before the Reformation, we find the doctrine of the Real Presence

[1] p. 332. [2] *Ibid.*

expressed in unmistakable language. For instance, in the Sarum Missal the Priest at his Communion is directed to say before receiving the Body (*corpus*), "Hail eternally, most holy flesh of Christ"; and before receiving the Blood (*sanguinem*), "Hail eternally, heavenly drink." And in the rubric that follows the Priest's Communion, the direction is given that the subdeacon "should pour into the chalice wine and water, and that the Priest should rinse his hands, lest any remains of the Body and Blood (*aliquæ reliquiæ corporis vel sanguinis*) should remain on his fingers, or on the chalice." In the rubrics too that follow the Consecration, the consecrated elements are called the Body and Blood. Here we see plainly that the Body and Blood of Christ were believed to be present and that this Presence was regarded as being due to the words of Consecration alone, and not to the faith of the recipient. And if we study the history of pre-Reformation times with reference to the Blessed Sacrament, we shall find devotions and practices which express this same belief. In the *Lay Folks' Mass Book*, which was written in the 12th century, the laity are thus instructed:—

> Loke pater noster thou be sayande,
> To tho chalyce he be saynande,
> Then tyme is nere of sakring,
> A litel belle men oyse to ryng.
> Then shal thou do reverence
> To ihesu crist awen presence,
> That may lese alle baleful bandes;
> Knelande holde vp both thi handes.[1]

We read that costly tabernacles, pyxes, and other receptacles were provided for the reservation of the Holy Eucharist. With regard to these, the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, in his *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*, states that the Council of Lambeth, in 1281, orders that in every parish church there must be a decent tabernacle, with a lock. In this the Body of the Lord must be placed in a very beautiful pyx, and linen coverings. (*Wilkins* ii. 48.) That "in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1385,

[1] p. 36.

there was a noble ivory pyx, garnished with silver plates, gilt, with a foot covered with leopards and precious stones, having a cover of silver gilt with a border of sapphires, and on the top of the cover a figure of the crucifix with Mary and John, garnished with pearls, with three chains meeting in a disk of silver gilt, with a long silver chain by which it hangs. (*Dugdale Mon.* viii. 1365.)" That "small silver and copper pyxes were also common in villages, as in the parish of Heybridge, near Malden in Essex, we find one of each kind. (Churchwarden's account. p. 175.)" And that "at the abbey of St. Alban's as we learn from Matthew Paris, Eadfrid, the fifth Abbot, in the time of King Edmund the Pious (A.D. 941–6) had purchased a most beautiful vessel, as admirable in workmanship as in material, and had offered it to St. Alban's to place in it the Body of our Lord." Then there were processions of the Blessed Sacrament on Palm Sunday and on the Feast of Corpus Christi round churches and churchyards, and through the streets of towns and villages, thronged with adoring worshippers.

And now let us contrast all this with the teaching and practices of the Established Church. Let us first take the Anglican "Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper." In the prayer of consecration we find these words: "Grant that, we receiving these Thy creatures of bread and wine, according to Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ's holy institution, in remembrance of His death and passion, may be partakers of His most blessed Body and Blood." Thus we see that what is to be received is bread and wine—consecrated it may be, but still bread and wine—and that not until partaken of are they to become the Body and Blood of Christ. This is in accordance with Article xxviii. "The Body of Christ," it says, "is given, taken, and eaten, in the Supper, only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is Faith." And in the rubrics that follow the prayer of consecration we do not, in a single instance, find the words Body and Blood, as we do in the Sarum Missal. These are the expressions used. At the adminis-

tration: "When he" (the minister) "delivereth the Bread to anyone he shall say." "If the consecrated Bread or Wine be all spent," &c. "What remaineth of the consecrated elements." And in the explanatory and apologetic rubric at the end of the Communion Service we are told that the communicants are required to receive the "Lord's Supper," kneeling, "for a signification of our humble and grateful acknowledgment of the benefits of Christ therein given to all worthy receivers, and for the avoiding of such profanation and disorder in the Holy Communion, as might otherwise insue." This rubric was evidently intended to exclude adoration of Christ, present in any manner under the outward appearance of bread and wine; for the kneeling, it tells us, was enjoined for quite another purpose.

In some Anglican churches the hymn:—

> Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
> Who in Thy Sacrament dost deign to be,

is sung during the Communion service. How incongruous are such words in connection with a service which has such a rubric attached to it!

Again, in the pre-Reformation Church the Blessed Sacrament was, as we have seen, reserved, carried about, lifted up, and Christ, therein present, was worshipped, but Article xxviii. expressly says: "the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped." And we know that at the Reformation all tabernacles and pyxes were removed from the churches, and the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament was no longer allowed. Since then the churches have been but as caskets from which the jewels have been stolen, and they have ceased to be the homes of the people, the daily resort of the grateful, the sorrowful, the needy, as they were when Christ Himself was there.

And now with regard to the Eucharistic Sacrifice. In the Sarum Missal we find the following prayers: "Receive, O holy Trinity, this offering which I, an unworthy sinner, offer in Thy honour and that of the blessed Mary

and all Thy Saints, for my sins and offences, for the salvation of the living and the rest of all the faithful departed." "May our sacrifice be so offered in Thy sight, that it may be received by Thee this day." We also find that the priest is directed to turn to the people and say "Brothers and sisters, pray for me, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to the Lord God." And in the Canon of the Mass the priest says: "We most humbly beseech Thee, Almighty God, command these things to be carried by the hands of Thy holy angel to Thy altar on high, in the sight of Thy Divine Majesty, that as many of us as by participation at this altar, receive the Most Sacred Body and Blood of Thy Son, may be filled with all heavenly benediction and grace," and then he goes on to pray for the dead. It is well known that, in the pre-Reformation Church, it was the custom to offer the Mass for special intentions, whether for the living, or the dead, and that chantries were founded and endowed for the express purpose of Masses being offered for the dead.

And now let us turn to the Thirty-nine Articles, and the "Book of Common Prayer." In Article xxxi. it is stated that "The sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain and guilt, were blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits"—*i.e.*, that such Masses, as had hitherto been offered in churches and chantry chapels, were "blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits," and, accordingly, endowments for special Masses were confiscated, and chantries were done away with and from the service that was substituted for the Mass, and every expression that might keep alive the old belief with regard to the Sacrifice of the Mass was eliminated. For the word Mass, which conveyed the idea of both Sacrifice and Communion, we have the title, "The Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion," which was evidently intended to exclude all notion of Sacrifice. In the "Prayer for the Church Militant" the word "oblations" is used, but it is in connection with the word "alms." And in the prayer

after Communion there are the words, "Our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving," and, "here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and lively sacrifice unto Thee"—which expressions certainly may be used, as they have been used by Protestants for three centuries, without any belief in the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

The word altar, which we find repeatedly used in the Sarum Missal, is not once to be met with in the Anglican Communion Service: it is always called the "Table," or "the Holy Table," or "Lord's Table," Catholic terms, but used with reference to Communion. A further proof of the intention of the reformers was the order to destroy the old stone altars, and to replace them by wooden tables; and tables, like those in ordinary use, were accordingly provided—an ingenious and effectual means of destroying all belief, not only in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, but also in the Real Presence. The bread used for Communion was to "be such as is usual to be eaten"; and the tables, on which it was placed, were to be such as were found in their own houses, and on which their daily food was placed. As regards this essential, the Holy Eucharist, there is, we see, no real identity between the pre-Reformation Church and the Established Church. It is true, that in the teaching and practices of extreme High Churchmen this identity is to a certain extent to be found; but then we must remember that these men are but a modern sect in the Established Church, whose teaching and practices are regarded by their fellow Anglicans as being contrary to the principles of the Reformation, as undoubtedly they are. To know what the teaching of the Anglican Church is on this subject, we must not look to those who, dissatisfied with the meagre teaching and practices of their Church, have adopted doctrines and practices in accordance with their own more Catholic views, but to the formularies of their Church and the practices that have prevailed in it from the 16th to the 19th century.

We have seen what the teaching of the formularies is; we have seen that everything that might keep alive a belief in

the Real Presence, or in the Eucharist Sacrifice, was done away with at the Reformation and many of us know, from our own personal experience, how thoroughly the old belief with regard to the Holy Eucharist had died out in the Established Church. We know what was generally the state of affairs some few years ago—bread prepared for the Communion with but little care or reverence; crumbs of the consecrated bread scattered about the chancel floor; crumbs left on the paten, or plate; and consecrated wine left in the cup to be dealt with as clerk or sexton should think fit; the "Communion plate" given to the Rectory servant to be cleaned with the family plate; the absence of those marks of reverence common among Catholics; the quarterly or monthly celebration of the Communion service; the nearly empty church, when that service was celebrated; the greater popularity of the "Morning" and "Evening prayer"—all quite incompatible with a belief in the Real Presence or Eucharistic Sacrifice. Certainly, owing to the influence of the High Church party, there has been an improvement in this respect; still the fact remains that these, and such as these, have been the practices and customs of Anglicans during almost the whole of the existence of the Established Church.

Invocation of Saints.

And now let us consider another essential, the Invocation of Saints. In the pre-Reformation Church the invocation of the Saints was generally practised. For instance, there were Litanies of the Saints which were used on different occasions. In the Visitation of the Sick, in the Missal of Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 1050–1052, there is one of these litanies. In it, after the petition, "have mercy on us" to the three Persons in the Blessed Trinity, the words "pray for him" are addressed to the Blessed Virgin, the apostles, and other saints. In the Rede Book of Darbye we have a similar litany, in which we find the names of the following saints—Alban, Oswald, Eadmunde, Swithin, Dunstan, Æthelrytha, Ermenhilda. In the York Manual we find a litany of the

saints which was used during the benediction of the font on Holy Saturday. And in a Sarum Missal, about A.D. 1400, we have a bidding prayer which begins: "Ye shall stand up and bid your beads" (offer your prayers) "to our Lord Jesus Christ, and to our Lady Saint Mary, and to all the company of heaven for the state of holy Church and for our Mother Church of Rome, and for our Lord the Pope," &c.[1]

And especially was the Blessed Virgin, "the Queen of all Saints," invoked. The Rev. T. E. Bridgett, in his *Our Lady's Dowry*, says: "A MS. now in the University Library at Cambridge, called the Book of Cerne, and which belonged to Ethelwald, Bishop of Sherbourn in 760, contains the following prayer to the Blessed Virgin, a clear monument both of the faith and devotion of the Anglo-Saxons in the time of Venerable Bede: 'Holy Mother of God, Virgin ever blest, glorious and noble, chaste and inviolate, O Mary Immaculate, chosen and beloved of God, endowed with singular sanctity, worthy of all praise, thou who art the advocate for the sins of the whole world; O listen, listen, listen to us, O holy Mary pray for us, intercede for us, disdain not to help us. For we are confident and know for certain that thou canst obtain all thou willest from thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, God Almighty, the King of ages, who liveth with the Father and the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.'" Ælfric in the 10th century says: "Let us also be mindful of how great dignity is the holy Maiden Mary, the Mother of Christ. She is blessed above all women; she is the heavenly Queen, and the comfort and support of all Christian men. Our old mother Eve shut to us the gate of heaven's Kingdom; and the holy Mary opened it again to us, if we ourselves by evil works shut it not against us. Much may she obtain of her Child, if she be fervently thereof reminded. Let us therefore with great fervour, pray to her that she may mediate for us to her own Child, who is both her Creator and her Son." And in a Saxon prayer, written just before or soon after the Conquest, we find the following

[1] *Publications of the Surtees Society.*

words: "I have no refuge but in thee, O my Lady, O holy Mary; therefore on my knees I beg that thou wilt intercede for me with our Lord God, that by thy holy prayers He may deign to forgive me all my sins."[1] Canon Simmons, in one of his notes in the *Lay Folks' Mass Book*, gives us this prayer from the York Horæ: "O blesseyd lady Moder of Jesu and Virgin immaculate, that arte welle of comforte, and moder of mercy, senguler helper to all that trust to the, be now gracyous lady mediatrice and meane unto thi blyssed Sone our Saviour Jesu for me, that by thyn intercessions I may obtayne my desires ever to be your seruaunt in all humilite. And by the helpe and socour of all holy saintes hereafter in perpetual ioy euer to lyve with the. Amen."

It is often said that the language addressed to the Blessed Virgin in Catholic books is a modern development, is ultramontane; but in what does it differ from that used by our Catholic ancestors? Let us see what the teaching of the Established Church is on this subject. In Article xxii. it is said that "the Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory. . . . and also the invocation of Saints is a fond thing vainly invented." And in accordance with this new idea litanies of the Saints were no longer used: the "Hail Mary" and the invocation of Mary and of the Saints no longer appeared in the Prayer Book, or Primer; the images and shrines of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints were destroyed; Lady Chapels were disused; and the Angelus bell ceased to be heard. So thorough was the "reform" with regard to the invocation of Saints that even the most extreme High Churchmen have not yet ventured openly to revive it. Here then is another essential in which there is no identity between the pre-Reformation Church and the Established Church.

Extreme Unction.

I will only take one more essential, and that is the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. In Leofric's Sacramentary (10th century), and in pre-Reformation Pontificals and Manuals, we find the order of administering the

[1] pp. 23, 37, 142.

Sacrament of Extreme Unction. This sacrament which is thus spoken of by the apostle St. James—"Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man: and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him" -and which, like the other sacraments, was generally made use of, and highly valued by our Catholic ancestors, is said in Article xxv., "to have grown of the corrupt following of the apostles," and has more thoroughly disappeared from the Established Church, than even the invocation of Saints. The Saints are invoked occasionally in private, and Anglicans have been known to tell their friends in confidence that they have "a great devotion to our Lady"; but I have never yet heard of an Anglican clergyman administering Extreme Unction—another proof that in essentials the Established Church is not identical with the pre-Reformation Church.

No one can deny that the Headship of the Church, the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Invocation of Saints, and Extreme Unction are essentials; and as regards these, I think I have proved that the Established Church is not identical with the pre-Reformation Church of England. I could bring forward other essentials with the same result; I could enumerate many pious beliefs and pious customs which were universal in this country when Englishmen were all Catholics: but the essentials I have chosen are quite sufficient for my purpose.

And now I would ask: How can it be possible for the Anglican Church, which has given up so many essentials, to be the same as the Old Church of England, to be a continuation of that Church? High Churchmen believe that Christ founded a Church, that He sent down the Holy Spirit to guide that Church into all truth, that that Church is the "pillar and ground of the truth," and I would ask them to explain how it is, that this one continuous Church of England, which they talk about, has varied so much in its teaching; how it is that this Church has taught the people for nearly a thousand years

that the Pope is the Head of the Church on earth, that in the Blessed Sacrament Jesus Christ is present under the outward appearance of bread and wine, that the Eucharistic rite is not only a Communion, but a sacrifice which can be offered up for the living and the dead, that the Saints should not only be honoured, but invoked, and that Extreme Unction is a sacrament and generally necessary for the sick; and that this same Church (as they say it is) has also for the last three hundred years been teaching the English people that what their ancestors had been taught for nearly a thousand years with regard to these essentials, and had believed, was all wrong, was deadly error, and what is more, has been enforcing this new teaching by penal laws. I would ask our High Church friends how a Church of this kind can be an infallible teacher and guide of men in spiritual things, as Christ promised His Church should be?

If Anglicans will only study history carefully, and with a desire to arrive at the truth, they must be led to see that the Church which is the same as the Church of Old England and which is a continuation of that Church, is not the Established Church, but the Catholic Church in England; that Church which, though cruelly persecuted for nearly three hundred years, has through all these years kept alive the old Faith. As of old, she acknowledges the Pope as the Head of the Church, and is Catholic, a part of that one spiritual Empire which is spread throughout the world, and comprehends men, not of one race only, but of all races. As of old, Christ is present on her altars to receive the homage of His people, to accept their thanksgivings, to hear their prayers, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up in her churches for the living and the dead. As of old, she teaches her children to honour the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Saints, and to seek their powerful help. As of old, her children can avail themselves of the Sacrament of Penance and the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. As of old, Benedictines, and Franciscans, and Dominicans minister at her altars, and form part of her organization. As of old, Christians of all nations find themselves at home in her churches.

Venerable Julie Billiart,

Foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur.

Ah, que le bon Dieu est bon!
"How good the good God is!"

THIS was the cry which went up continually from the heart of the Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame, and her loving refrain is echoed by hundreds of her children to-day;* for the first great step towards her glorification has been taken, and the long looked for "Placet" of Pope Leo XIII., has at last crowned with the title of Venerable that "admirable labourer in the Lord's Harvest" (as she is termed in the Roman decree), the Servant of God, Julie Billiart.

Marie Rose Julie Billiart was born at Cuvilly, in the old province of Picardy, on the 12th of July, 1751, and was baptised the same day. Her parents were in modest yet easy circumstances, and were distinguished for their fidelity in the practice of every religious duty. The childhood of Julie was remarkable as shadowing forth her future destiny and the prominent features of her character—love of prayer and zeal for souls. She was

* This was written in July, 1889.

often missed from the family circle, and when sought for was found in some hidden nook saying her childish prayers, with a gravity and devotion far beyond her years. By the time that she had reached the age of seven, she knew her Catechism perfectly, and had mastered not only the words but the meaning. After school hours it was her custom to gather her little companions round her, and if any were absent, she would send for them, crying out—"I want plenty of little souls, to teach them how to love and serve 'the good God.'" Then, with her bright and winning manner, she kept them attentive while she explained the Catechism, and wound up with an exhortation on the love of God or the hatefulness of sin, so earnest, we are told, as to captivate all her listeners, whether old or young. These meetings came to the ears of the Curé of Cuvilly, and that venerable man watched over his child-catechist with paternal interest. He judged from her apparently infused knowledge of the truths of faith, and her singularly delicate appreciation of Divine things, that God had great designs upon her soul, and he was jealous of her correspondence with those designs. He therefore initiated her into the method of prayer and the practices of a devout life. It might have been said of Julie as of Tobias—"Though younger than any of her tribe, yet did she no childish thing."

After this it is not surprising to learn that Julie was allowed to make her first Communion when only nine years old. She doubtless received very abundant graces from this early participation in the Eucharistic Feast; and ever after, the preparation of children for their first Communion became her favourite work of zeal. Not long afterwards the pious child was confirmed by Cardinal Potier de Gesvres, Bishop of Beauvais, and thenceforth the Holy Ghost took complete possession of this pure soul, for Julie abandoned herself unreservedly to the guidance of the Divine Spirit.

As she grew older she took her share in the labours

which devolved on her as a farmer's daughter. Her virtues gave her an extraordinary ascendency over the labourers and workmen, and she made use of her influence to lead them to God. They were so charmed by the instructions she gave them during the hour of their midday rest, that they would have liked to gather round their young catechist on Sundays also. But all the time she had to spare on Sundays was devoted by Julie to the saintly Carmelites of Compiègne, whom she loved as mothers, and from whom she learned the secrets of an interior life. When she was fourteen she burned with the desire of consecrating herself irrevocably to the service of her Divine Master, and M. Dangicourt, then parish priest at Cuvilly, allowed her to make a vow of perpetual chastity. She was soon called upon to show the spirit of a martyr as well as that of a virgin and an apostle, for the white lily of her virginity was to blossom amid the sharp thorns of suffering. She was to be struck down like Job; first reduced to actual poverty by the misfortunes which fell thick and fast upon her father, and then stretched on a bed of sickness by a complication of diseases. For thirty years Julie was to be a living example of the most heroic patience.

The troubles of the Billiart family began in 1767. Julie, then young and strong, devoted herself to the hardest work in the fields, in order to help her parents. She ate little, allowed herself scanty repose, endured extremes of heat and cold, and undertook many fatiguing journeys. With all this she found time for her daily communions, her meditations and vocal prayers, and her visits to the sick, by whose bedsides she often spent whole nights. Her old zeal went on consuming her. During her journeys she catechised those whom she met, carrying everywhere, as the Apostle says, the good odour of Jesus Christ. But a sudden blow was to check all this exuberant life of eager zeal and willing labour.

Towards the close of the year 1774, Julie was

sitting one evening by her father's side, when he was suddenly fired at from outside the house. He was not hurt, but the fright gave so great a shock to his daughter's nervous system, that it was the beginning of a long series of complicated and undefined diseases. She completely lost the use of her limbs, and this helplessness was followed by such dangerous convulsions, that five times she received Extreme Unction, and was considered to be at the point of death. Almighty God had accepted the oblation which she had made to Him of her whole being; but whilst He thus afflicted her, He also drew her closer to Himself. M. Dangicourt took her Holy Communion every day, and for several hours afterwards Julie remained absorbed in prayer, noticing nothing that passed around her, and with her countenance glowing with a celestial brightness. But she came to herself as soon as it was the time for her Catechism class. No suffering could make her relinquish the work she loved so well, and, as the children came trooping in and ranging themselves round her sick bed, she had a sweet smile and a loving greeting for each. Nor were these her only visitors. Several noble ladies in the neighbourhood sought the counsel of the poor invalid; they learned from her the lessons of the interior life, and consulted her in their doubts and difficulties. This poor girl, who had had no education but what her village could afford her (as M. Augé, Curé of Beauvais, wrote in 1820), "spoke on spiritual and religious subjects like a Doctor of Divinity and an experienced director of souls." She became known as the "Saint of Cuvilly," and the reputation she acquired was such that the Bishop of Beauvais thought it prudent to have her examined by competent judges. She was accordingly questioned in the presence of several learned ecclesiastics, who bore unanimous testimony to her sound doctrine, her tender piety, and her profound knowledge of the Science of the Saints.

Julie's influence was especially useful in restoring

that spirit of love and confidence in God which had been blighted in the north of France by the icy breath of Jansenism. Frequent Communion had fallen into disuse, and the altar rails, except at Easter and the great Festivals, were almost deserted. Julie's motto, "Que le bon Dieu est bon!" worked quite a transformation in all who came near her. It is still remembered and acted upon, even after the lapse of more than three-quarters of a century. "Ah, how good the good God is!" Julie repeated, again and again. The word "good," in English, scarcely expresses all the loving kindness, the tenderness, and pity that is implied in the French "bon." Père Varin wrote, many years later, "Tell Julie I often think of her, for I like to remind myself 'how good the good God is.'" Frequent Communion found an advocate and an apostle in Julie. Herself a daily communicant, she did all she could to persuade others to approach the Holy Table as often as possible. Writing to a lady of rank, who had consulted her on this subject, she said: "Do not let human respect keep you away from Communion. Why should we be afraid of what others may say? Ah, if they did but know the gift of God, how they would envy our happiness!"

In 1790, a Constitutional priest replaced the pastor of Cuvilly. Julie, strong in her faith, refused all communication with the intruder. The authority she had acquired by her reputation of holiness enabled her to lead public opinion in this matter. All doubts were silenced by her teaching. The Republicans were enraged. They had already a grudge against Julie for the help she had given in procuring places of refuge for the hunted and persecuted priests. And now they were determined to take their revenge. They collected the wood of the wayside crosses, and lighted a bonfire in the village. "The Saint shall be burned alive!" was the horrible cry. At the first intimation of this infamous project Julie's friends hastened to her rescue. They lifted her from her couch, and placed her

at the bottom of a cart filled with hay, which they despatched by a circuitous route to Compiègne. As the cart drove slowly through the village the poor fugitive could hear the blasphemous threats of her enemies thus cheated of their prey. "Never," she afterwards said, "did I suffer so much from my inability to move. I longed to spring up and offer myself to die a thousand times rather than be the involuntary cause of so many offences against my God." She arrived at last at Compiègne, but there was no peace for her there. Tracked from house to house, she was obliged to change her abode five different times in order to save the lives of those with whom she lodged. In relating these adventures she used to add that her favourite ejaculation at that time was—"O, my dear Lord, wilt Thou not find me a corner in Thy Paradise, since there is no room for me on earth!"

The hurried moving to and fro redoubled Julie's physical ailments. A violent contraction of the muscles deprived her for a time of all power of speech. What was worse, she was denied the spiritual succour which had been her chief support—no Mass—no Sacraments—it was as if God Himself had abandoned her. Her Lord, however, was very near her, and He deigned about this time to grant her the consolation of a heavenly vision. She saw before her the image of one of the large wayside Crucifixes, and at its foot a group of kneeling nuns in a dress as yet unknown to her. She was told that these Religious would one day be her spiritual daughters in an Institute which would be marked with the Cross of Christ, and whose object would be the salvation of the souls of children.

In 1793, the Abbé de Lamarche came to see Julie. He was ministering in disguise to the spiritual wants of those holy Carmelites whom he was so soon to attend on the scaffold at the scene of their glorious martyrdom. He heard the poor invalid's confession, and gave her Holy Communion. "She could not speak," writes this

venerable Confessor of the Faith, "except when she went to confession. She had to be told an hour beforehand, and then she obtained from Almighty God the grace of saying all she wished to her Director. As soon as her confession was finished she relapsed into silence. Her prayer seemed to be continual, and she offered herself incessantly as a victim to appease the Divine Justice."

As soon as the Reign of Terror was over, Julie Billiart was sought out by the Countess Baudouin, who had known her at Cuvilly. She took her to Amiens in October, 1794, and lodged her in the house in which she herself was staying, the "hôtel" or town residence of the Viscount Blin de Bourdon. It was here that Julie met Francoise Blin de Bourdon, Baroness of Gezaincourt,* who was destined to be the first of those spiritual daughters shown her beneath the Cross at Compiègne, and her fellow-labourer in the foundation of the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

* Marie Louise Françoise Blin de Bourdon was born at Gèzaincourt (Somme), in 1756. From her earliest years she was remarkable for her fervour and piety. Whilst still young and in the world, she gave up its pleasures and amusements, and devoted herself to a life of prayer and good works. She was imprisoned during the reign of terror, and on her release retired to Amiens, where she met Julie Billiart, and assisted her in founding the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame. She succeeded Mère Julie in the office of Superior-General. Her wise administration saved the Institute from what seemed certain destruction under the Dutch Government, whilst she was instrumental in founding seven new Convents. She devoted the whole of her fortune to the needs of the rising Congregation. She was a model of humility, meekness and charity; her whole life had been for God alone, so that the hour of death found her prepared to meet its summons. She died at the mother house of Namur, in the odour of sanctity, on the 9th of February, 1838. Some valuable memoirs of hers on the growth of the Congregation still exist at Namur, together with many of her letters, which are distinguished by a tender spirit of piety, and an exceptional degree of mental culture. Her life will be the fitting complement of Mere Julie's, for she was her eldest spiritual daughter, her intimate friend, and her constant assistant in all her good works.

And now came a happy time of spiritual helps and consolations. The good Père Thomas (one of the "Fathers of the Faith") took up his abode in the Hotel Blin, and offered the Holy Sacrifice daily in Julie's room. Gradually her power of speech was restored, though for many months it cost her a painful effort to articulate. Mademoiselle Blin de Bourdon soon discovered the treasure hidden under that suffering exterior, and there grew up between the bourgeoise of Cuvilly and the Baroness of Gèzaincourt one of those friendships of which God is the author, and which become the source of innumerable graces. The fame of the "Saint of Cuvilly" had followed her to Amiens, and a little gathering of young and high-born ladies was formed around the couch of the invalid.* They called her their mother, and she taught them how to lead an exterior life, while they devoted themselves with a generous ardour to the cause of God's Church and His poor. They visited and relieved the needy and the sick, they instructed the ignorant and comforted the sorrowful. They made an attempt at all the exercises of an active community life, but probably some of the elements of stability were wanting, for these first disciples of Mére Julie dropped off, one by one, and no one was left but Françoise de Bourdon.

The "Petite Terreur," as it was called, broke up the party at Amiens—it was unsafe for a time for any priest to be seen in the city, and the two friends retired to a country house belonging to the Doria family at Bettencourt, whither Père Thomas followed them. The parish there had been left without a priest since the beginning of the Revolution, and the inhabitants were living in utter forgetfulness both of the truths and practices of religion. It was a grand opportunity for Julie to resume her apostolic labours. She could not move from her couch, but her room was thrown open to young and old.

* The first disciples of Julie were Françoise Blin de Bourdon, Lise Baudoin, Jeanne and Aglae de Mèry, Josephine and Gabrielle Doria.

The children, as at Cuvilly, crowded round her bed, and she spent her entire day in catechising and instructing. The whole aspect of the place was changed, and the tradition remains to this day of all that was done for Bettencourt by "the good Mothers" while they stayed there. The present Curé writes: "The memory of Mère Julie Billiart and Mère Blin de Bourdon is still fresh in the minds of many of our old people. They speak of their daily Communion, their piety and gentleness, gradually winning back to the practice of their religious duties even the scoffer and the infidel, while the instructions they gave laid the foundation of that spirit of faith which, I am proud to say, now distinguishes so many families in my parish."

In 1800, the celebrated Père Varin, Superior of the Pères de la Foi (afterwards re-united to the Society of Jesus) was an occasional visitor at Bettencourt. As he watched Julie at her zealous labours, he felt certain that she was destined to undertake greater works for the glory of God. He often spoke to her of his previsions, but the humble invalid only answered, "How can this be?" As soon as the restrictions on religion were finally removed, Mademoiselle de Bourdon returned to Amiens, and she and Mère Julie established themselves in a small house in the Rue Puits-à-brandil, and here in August, 1803, in obedience to Père Varin, and under the auspices of the Bishop of Amiens, the foundation was laid of the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame, an Order which had for its primary object the salvation of the souls of poor children. Several young persons offered themselves to assist the two Mothers. They were not rich or high-born, like those first disciples of six years ago; but this did not distress Mère Julie. She rather rejoiced that her little congregation should begin as the Church itself did. "Let us be nothings ourselves," she cried, "and the good God will do His work through us." While Mère Blin de Bourdon superintended the secular studies of the first Sisters, Mère Julie breathed

into them her own apostolic spirit. "O, my daughters," she exclaimed, "think how few priests there are now, and how many poor children lie buried in the grossest ignorance, and it is for us to reclaim them. Ah, who are we, that we should be allowed to handle souls! Poor little women *(femmelettes)* and yet called to the office of Apostles." In a very short time Mère Julie had organised a system of instruction, had opened an orphanage, and had formed evening classes for the teaching of Catechism. No obstacle hindered her. "It is God's work," she would say, and she met every difficulty with her firm unwavering faith. When one of the young Sisters, sent to teach a class, bewailed her incapacity, Julie affectionately blessed her, saying—"Never fear, my child, St. Peter knew as little as you do when he preached his first sermon, and yet he converted three thousand, because he was filled with the Spirit of God."

In 1804, a great mission was opened in Amiens by the Fathers of the Faith. Père Varin made abundant use of the zeal and goodwill of the Sisters of Notre Dame. He confided to them the instruction of the women, the greater number of whom were ignorant of the first elements of religion. Mère Julie spent part of each night in preparing her daughters for the work of the next day. Her own activity and charity produced marvellous fruits in the souls that came in contact with her. None could resist her—they said they seemed to hear our Lord Himself speaking to them.

All this time she had remained a cripple, unable to walk across her room; but the hour had come when the work of God needed all her energies, both physical and mental, and He Who had cured the paralytic of old was to say to Julie, by the mouth of her confessor, Père Enfantin, "Arise and walk." It was on the 1st of June, 1804, that this miracle of healing was effected—the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—in Whose Name the sufferer of twenty-two years was restored to strength, and to Whom she ever afterwards dedicated her renewed vigour.

"Te Deum laudamus," was the cry of her heart, as she offered herself up to fresh labours for the glory of God. When the first burst of joyous gratitude was over, and had been re-echoed in her daughters' hearts, Mère Julie went straight into a ten days' retreat. Then she devoted herself to assist the Fathers in their missionary work, and, no longer hindered by physical incapacity, she was able to follow them to Abbeville and St. Valéry. She wrote to Amiens, "I have a large room to myself here where I give my instructions. Though I am, as you know, such a very little servant of God, and can do nothing worth naming for His glory, the good people of Abbeville leave me no peace. I scarcely know how to attend to them all. Just now I am busy teaching an old man his Credo—he is nearly ninety and has not yet made his First Communion, but he has the best will in the world."

The civil authorities put a stop to the missionary work of the Fathers, and after an absence of two months, Mère Julie returned to her community, now rapidly increasing. She exerted herself to form her sisters to a life of regularity and self-sacrifice: "You should be living rules," she said to them; "you are the hinges upon which the whole of our Order will depend." Her singular clear-sightedness enabled her to distinguish the special gifts and aptitudes of each—to spare or gently press the weak, and to urge the strong to the higher flights of which she knew them to be capable. Of a most unsuspicious nature herself, she was not the less vigilant; her very simplicity and straightforwardness caused her to discover almost intuitively any double-dealing in those about her.

After taking into consideration the urgent need for religious education amongst all classes of society in France at that time, the Foundresses of the Sisterhood of Notre Dame decided to modify their original plan, and to open schools for the rich as well as for the poor. Mère Julie's master-mind stamped even this part of her work with a distinct character of its own. Simplicity,

largeness of mind, and freedom from little feminine weaknesses marked her training. "Try to form good Christian women," she would say, "women who will be useful in their homes and in society, not sentimental devotees." She warned her younger Sisters against the temptation sometimes yielded to in convents of inspiring all the pupils with the notion that they must become nuns to save their souls. "You must not wish to make all your children nuns," she said, "but bring them up to be intelligent Catholics: the good God will call them Himself if He wishes. Your duty is to spare neither time nor care to prepare your pupils for the position they are likely to occupy in the world."

As for her dear poor, Mère Julie looked upon them as, in a certain sense, the apostolic capital of the Institute. "I would sooner lock up the house," she was heard to say, "and hang the keys outside the door, than be without our beloved poor children to teach."

By the year 1808 the Congregation of Notre Dame had taken firm root and developed healthy branches. Convents had been opened in four other dioceses besides Amiens, viz., Bordeaux, Namur, Ghent and Tournay. Whilst all seemed prosperous outwardly, a heavy cross was preparing for the Foundress within. Her trial, which was doubtless intended to purify her and to winnow the chaff from the grain in her sisterhood, was a peculiarly painful one. A zealous ecclesiastic, with much good will but a very narrow mind, found continual fault with her manner of acting; she was misrepresented to the Bishop, misunderstood, not allowed to act as Superior General, and placed under obedience to a young local Superior. Mère Julie submitted to the new arrangements with perfect simplicity; she deferred to all, and excused all, leaving her cause in the hands of God. But when it was determined to change the whole plan of her Institute, to abolish the office of Superior General, and to make each house perfectly independent, the two Foundresses first consulted prudent advisers, and then

decided on a respectful remonstrance. This only brought matters to a crisis; and at last the Bishop sent, through his Vicar General, a formal permission to Mère Julie to leave Amiens, and to withdraw to any other diocese which would suit her. Nearly the whole of the Amiens Community elected to accompany their Mother, and the party of Sisters set out for Namur (where their principal Belgian Convent was situated), in January, 1809. They went on their way, says Mère Julie, "very cold but very courageous, in great peace and union with our Lord Jesus Christ." She adds, "The whole earth is the Lord's; everywhere we shall find our good God, and everywhere souls to be saved."

The little party were received with open arms by their sisters at Namur, and met with a fatherly welcome from the Bishop, Mgr. Pisani de la Gaude. Under his auspices the Convent of Namur became the Mother-house of the Congregation, in which Mère Julie took up her residence, and which was governed by Mère Blin de Bourdon (now Mère S. Joseph) as local Superior. The good Prelate early appreciated the gift God had bestowed on his diocese, for he held the Sisters in singular esteem, and wrote thus of their Mother-General: "People talk of Mère Julie as if she had been sent away from Amiens—all I can say is that I look upon her as a saint, whom my diocese is happy in possessing." Divine Providence eventually dispersed all the clouds which had gathered so thickly round His faithful servant at that period of her life. The injudicious and restless character of the ecclesiastic who had caused so much trouble, was fully brought to light in consequence of his attempt to change the rules of the Dames du Sacré Cœur.* In 1811 the Bishop of Amiens wrote to beg Mère Julie to return to the place that had been the cradle of her Institute, giving her full powers to act as Mother General. The Foundress was far from looking on this recall in the

* See life of the Venerable Mère Barat, vol. I., chapter x.

light of a triumph; she humbly gave thanks to God, and begged many prayers that she might know the Divine will. Various circumstances combined to prevent a return to France; several Religious, who had remained in that country, joined their sisters in Belgium, and all connection ceased between the Foundress and the diocese of Amiens, though the arrangements on both sides were carried out with the most perfect charity and mutual esteem.

Free from all vexatious interference, and happily established in her mother-house at Namur, Mère Julie devoted herself more fully than ever to her work. Her chief care now was to form children worthy to carry it on. She infused into her daughters an esteem for solid piety, and taught them how to preserve the interior spirit amidst their many exterior employments. However busy they may be, the Sisters of Notre Dame must spend an hour daily in studying or explaining Christian doctrine, and about three hours more in prayer and spiritual exercise. "If we are not women of prayer," said Mère Julie, "our Institute will never flourish." She herself was the model which exemplified her teaching—her conversation was in heaven, and God was for her the very centre of her existence. Mgr. de Broglie, Bishop of Ghent, said of her that he was convinced she had saved more souls by her interior life of union with God than by her outward apostolate. This habit of recollection betrayed itself almost unconsciously. No one came nigh to her without feeling nearer to God. Those who saw her return from the Holy Table could not help noticing her transfigured appearance: the veil which she lowered over her face could not quite conceal the glow on her cheeks, the tears in her eyes, and the sort of heavenly light which seemed to emanate from her countenance. "Whosoever shall glorify Me, him will I glorify," says the Lord, and this promise was distinctly fulfilled in Mère Julie. She received special supernatural favours; she was many times divinely inspired concerning

the wants or wishes of her Sisters; the answer to her prayers was often as speedy as to Elias of old; cures, conversions, unlooked-for aid in peril or in need; all this, and more, did Julie obtain from the Divine Master Whom she so faithfully served.

In 1813 Mère Julie had to pass through Paris, and she made a memorable visit to Pope Pius VII., then a prisoner at Fontainebleau. She remained a long while kneeling at his feet, and when she left the venerable captive, her face wore an expression of intense sorrow, her eyes were swollen with much weeping. "Ah, my child," she said to the Sister who was waiting for her, "we have wept together over the sorrows of the Church." She then seemed lost in prayer. A little black crucifix given her on this occasion by the Holy Father was preserved ever afterwards amongst her most precious relics.

The life so full of work for God and for His Church was drawing now very near its close. In the short space of twelve years, from 1804 to 1816, the Venerable Mother had founded 15 Convents, undertaken 120 journeys, many of them long and perilous, and carried on a continual active correspondence with her daughters. "Mère Julie," said the Bishop of Namur, "is one of those souls who can do more for God's Church in a few years, than a hundred others are able to do in a century." And Cardinal Sterckx gave the reason when he defined the Institute of Notre Dame as being "a breath of the Apostolic Spirit upon the heart of a woman who knew how to believe and how to love!" This heart so strong and yet so tender was to be still more tried and purified before it was to cease to beat.

The memorable year 1815 brought the Sisters of Notre Dame face to face with the terrors of war. Their venerable Mother, unable to leave Namur on account of the disturbed state of the country during the "Hundred Days," suffered intense anxiety about the fate of her Convents, especially thos of Jumet, Fleurus, and Gembloux. Namur itself was filled with soldiers after

the battle of Waterloo, the French seeking refuge there and the Prussians pursuing them. The constant alarms and the continued strain told visibly on the sensitive nerves of the venerable Foundress. But there was another strain on Julie's heart, consumed as it had been all her life with one absorbing passion. Her mortal frame was too weak to bear any longer the love which was wearing it away, and we may well believe that this contributed to bring on the mysterious illness which was to break her bonds and unite her soul to the God she so longed to possess. "My God," she exclaimed to Mère St. Joseph just before she was taken ill, "how happy a soul must be when it can leave behind it this miserable body."

In the early part of the year 1816 her strength completely failed her. No one in the house thought her in danger, but she herself was not deceived, and she earnestly begged for the last consolations of religion. Her confessor, then M. Médard, Vicar-General, convinced that she was supernaturally enlightened as to the approach of death, hastened to accede to her wishes, and she received the last Sacraments in the tenderest sentiments of faith and love. Mère Julie had, as it were, laid herself down to die, and from the day of her Last Anointing, though her daughters fondly hoped for her recovery, she seems to have been waiting tranquilly on the threshold of Heaven, with her work done and her heart detached from every earthly tie. She lingered three weary months, and had many torturing pains to endure before "The Spirit and the Bride said 'Come.'"

She bore her sufferings as of old, with loving silent patience and uninterrupted union with God. Every morning the priest brought her Holy Communion, and it was noticed that even when she could not retain so much as a drop of water, she was always able to receive the Blessed Sacrament. She spoke very little to anyone. She expressed no wishes and gave no counsels. It was the triumph of her humility. "She felt," said M. Médard, "that her Institute was God's own work, and that He was only removing one

of His instruments in order to make use of another." Her beloved friend and fellow-labourer, Mère Blin de Bourdon, was dangerously ill at the same time, so that Julie was truly alone with her God. He was enough for her, and His arms held her up as the shadows deepened around her.

The last summons came on the 8th of April, 1816, when Julie Billiart went to continue in Heaven the hymn of praise to her Creator which her whole life had sung to Him on earth. No sooner had her spirit fled than her countenance appeared to reflect the joy of the Blessed, her face assumed an unearthly beauty, and all her limbs remained supple and flexible. This holy death plunged the entire town into mourning. The room where Mère Julie lay was crowded all day long by those who wished to visit her venerated remains. Clergy and laity, rich and poor, all came to pray and weep beside her, and to carry away with them the memory of one whom they all spoke of as a Saint. The funeral took place on the 10th, the Bishop insisting on its being as solemn as possible; the crowds who were present bore witness to the high esteem in which the Foundress was held in the town of Namur.

It was but natural that Mère Julie's own daughters should ask themselves, in the first bitterness of their bereavement, "Has not Heaven recalled our Mother too soon? Our little Congregation is still in its cradle, and how will it grow to maturity without the help of her counsel and the light of her example?" But all things turn to the good of those who serve God. In taking the Mother to her reward, Divine Providence has given to her children a powerful protectress in heaven. Her charity and zeal, far from being diminished, are increased by the ardent love which consumes the souls of the Blessed. And by a thousand graces of every kind, each more precious than the last, she has compensated for the loss of her visible presence. The sapling which she planted with her hands and watered with her tears, has

grown into a stately tree, and beneath its wide-spreading branches thousands of souls who have fled from the pleasures of the world to taste the austere joys of self-sacrifice and penance, have found rest and consolation. The highest sanction ever coveted by Saintly Founders has crowned Mère Julie's work. The rules and Constitutions of the Sisters of Notre Dame received the formal approbation of the Holy See by a Decree dated 28th June, 1844. Since that date the history of the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame has been one of continual growth and progress. The fifteen Convents in Belgium founded by Mère Julie herself have been multiplied fourfold, while the little seed sown in America in 1840, has produced thirty-six Convents, twenty-seven in the United States, of which seven are in California. The English mission, begun at Penryn in Cornwall in 1845 and transferred to Clapham in 1848, soon had its branches in seven different Dioceses, and at the present date (1889), the Convents of Notre Dame in England number twenty.

One hundred and fourteen Communities in Belgium, England and America carry on the work of education begun by the Venerable Julie Billiart, while the apostolate of her daughters extends over the souls of nearly 150,000 children and adults. In addition to the Convents of Notre Dame, which are directly connected with the Mother-house at Namur, three distinct congregations in Holland, Germany and America trace their origin to the Venerable Julie Billiart. The first of these, the Dutch foundation, was made shortly after the Foundress's death. A zealous Jesuit missionary, Father Wolf, of Amersfoort, applied to Namur for Sisters to teach his schools. The hostile spirit of the Dutch Government alarmed Mother St. Joseph, who was then Superior-General, and instead of sending sisters to Holland she proposed that the Dutch postulants should come themselves to be trained at Namur. Accordingly three young ladies entered the Novi-

date of the Mother-house and on their profession returned to their own country and commenced a Congregation known as that of Notre Dame of Amersfoort. An offshoot from this foundation was established at Coesfeld in Westphalia, which in its turn became the Mother-house of several German Convents.

In 1871, the persecuting laws of Prussia caused much suffering to the Sisters. Their property was confiscated and the Coesfeld Community, after many vicissitudes, sought a refuge in America. Cordially welcomed by the Bishop of Cleveland, they settled in the United States and founded establishments in Cleveland and Kentucky. A few sisters lingered near the Prussian frontier hoping to return to their fatherland, and after years of weary waiting they found an opening at Paderborn and Munster. The three Congregations of Holland, Germany and America separated from Namur and from each other by the difficulties of the times in which their lot was cast, still look up to the Venerable Servant of God as their Foundress, and still carry out the Rules and Constitutions which their first Sisters received from the Mother-house at Namur.

Sixty years passed away before any decisive steps were taken towards placing the faithful servant of God, Julie Billiart, on the altars of the Church. Yet, from the time of her death, in 1816, a tender and filial devotion for her memory and a loving confidence in her intercession were cherished in the hearts of her children—and many and constant were the proofs they obtained of their Mother's power before God. At last the time came when her light was to shine before men. In March, 1881, the Rev. Mother Aloyse Maisy, fifth Superior General of the Congregation, presented a petition to Mgr. Gravez, Bishop of Namur, praying him to permit the opening of the Process before the Ordinary, for the beatification and canonization of the servant of God, Julie Billiart. On the 21st of June accordingly, a commission of information was opened at Namur, under

the presidency of Mgr. Delogne, V.G. Similar Processes were instituted at Beauvais, Amiens and Malines. Authentic copies of all the proceedings were taken to Rome by the Rev. H. Henry, Honorary Canon of the Cathedral of Namur, and on June 26th, 1889, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. wrote the "Placet" which, while authorizing the introduction of the cause of beatification and canonization, gives the servant of God, Julie Billiart, the title of Venerable. The following is a translation of the Decree:—

Decree of the Beatification and Canonisation of the Venerable Servant of God, Julie Billiart, Foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Diocese of Namur.

In the calamitous times which closed the last century and opened our own, there lived and died in the Lord's Harvest an admirable labourer, the Venerable Servant of God, Julie Billiart, who spent her days in a humble village commonly called Cuvilly, in the diocese of Beauvias. Possessed of singular virtues, tested by long sickness and by trials, she ended by a holy death at Namur on April 8th, 1816, a life of labour which had been enriched with heavenly gifts. The fame of the sanctity of this eminent Servant of God continued to flourish, particularly in these spots where she had dwelt. After her death it shone yet further and more brightly through the Institute called "of the Blessed Virgin Mary," which she herself had founded for promoting the salvation of souls. This Institute, in fact, growing up like a vigorous tree which God had blessed, has stretched forth its branches into far-off countries, and has brought forth plenteous fruits in the vineyard of the Lord—the works of her daughters who, filled with the spirit of their admirable Mother, and imitating her zeal, give themselves up entirely to helping souls. Hence it has come to pass that many of the faithful, admiring the holiness of the Servant of

God and applying to her as a mediatrix with God, have testified that through her intercession they have received singular favours from heaven.

Hence a process was canonically instituted by authority of the Ordinary in the Ecclesiastical Court of Namur, concerning the reputation of her holiness, her life, her virtues, and her miracles. This was followed by many postulatory letters, in the first place from his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, as well as from many Cardinals and Bishops, and from other dignitaries, both ecclesiastical and civil, and from Societies of Regulars and Seculars of both sexes, clearly proving this reputation of sanctity.

As, then, our most Holy Lord Pope Leo XIII. had already graciously granted that the question of signing the Commission for the Introduction of this Cause should be treated of in the Ordinary Congregation of Sacred Rites, without the intervention or opinions of consultors, and that, although ten years had not yet gone by since the day of the presentation of the Informatory Process in the Records of the same Sacred Congregation, and, again, although the writings of the aforesaid Servant of God had not been inquired into and examined—the most eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinal Laurenzi, Prefect of the same Sacred Congregation and Proposer of this Cause, at the request of the Right Rev. Prelate, Raphael M. Virili, Postulator of the same Cause, proposed to the Ordinary Assembly of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, convened at the Vatican on the undersigned day, the following question for discussion: "Whether the Commission for the Introduction of the Cause is to be signed in the case and to the effect under discussion?" The most eminent and Rev. Fathers of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, after hearing the Right Rev. Augustine Caprara, Promoter of the Faith, who gave his opinion both orally and in writing, on May 25th, 1889, decided to reply Affirmatively, that is, that the Commission be so signed if it shall please his Holiness.

And these things having been faithfully reported to our Most Holy Lord Pope Leo XIII. by the undersigned Secretary, his Holiness ratified the rescript of the Sacred Congregation, and vouchsafed to sign with his own hand the Commission for the Introduction of the Cause of the Venerable Servant of God, the aforesaid Julie Billiart, on the 26th day of June of the same year.

R. Card. Monaco.
Vincent Nussi, Secretary of the
Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Ever since the opening of the Process of Information, the tomb of the Foundress, which is placed in the Chapel of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in the grounds of the Mother-house at Namur, is daily visited by numerous pilgrims, who come to venerate the precious remains, and who, in many cases, return after obtaining the most signal favours. From all parts of Belgium, England, France, Holland, America, Africa and the Indies, letters pour in with solicitations for relics of Mère Julie, and petitions which the writers entreat may be laid on her tomb. Many of the writers speak with touching grati tude of the graces of healing or of conversion obtained through the intercession of the Venerable Servant of God.

Lectures

ON THE

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND:

Addressed to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory in 1851

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

VII. Assumed Principles the Intellectual Ground of the Protestant View.

I.

THERE is a great and a growing class in the community, who wish to be fair to us, who see how cruelly we are dealt with, who are indignant at the clamour, and see through the calumnies, and despise the prejudice, which are directed against us, who feel themselves to be superior to the multitude in their feelings and their judgments, who aim at thinking well of all men, all persuasions, all schools of thought, and of Catholics in the number, and to like each for what is good in it, though they may not follow it themselves. Being thus candid, and, in a certain sense, unbiassed, they readily acknowledge the grandeur of the Catholic Religion, both in history and in philosophy; they wish to be good friends with it; they delight to contemplate its great heroes; they recognise, perhaps, with almost enthusiastic admiration, the genius and other gifts of the intellect, which in every age have been so profusely found among its adherents. They know and they like individual Catholics; they have every desire to like us in all respects; they set their minds towards liking us, our principles, our

doctrines, our worship, and our ways. As far as can be said of men, they really have no prejudice. In this interesting and excellent state of mind, they take up one of our books, sincerely wishing to get on with it; alas, they are flung back at once; they see so much which they cannot abide at all, do what they will. They are annoyed at themselves, and at us; but there is no help for it; they discover, they feel that between them and us there is a gulf. So they turn from the subject in disgust, and for a time perhaps are in bad humour with religion altogether, and have a strong temptation to believe nothing at all. Time passes; they get over the annoyance, and perhaps make a second attempt to adjust their own feelings with our doctrines, but with no better success. They had hoped to have found some middle term, some mode of reconciliation; they did not expect agreement, but at least peace; not coincidence, but at least a sort of good understanding and concurrence;—whereas they find antagonism. No: it is impossible; it is melancholy to say it, but it is no use disguising the truth from themselves; they cannot get over this or that doctrine or practice; nay, to be honest, there is no part they can acquiesce in; each separate portion is part of a whole. They are disappointed, but they never can believe, they never can even approve; if the Catholic system be true, faith in it must be a gift, for reason does not bear it out.

What are the things which so offend the candid and kindly disposed persons in question? So many, that they do not know where to begin, nor where to end. It is the whole system of Catholicism; our miracles, and our relics, and our legends of saints; and then our doctrine of indulgences, and our purgatory; and our views of sin, and of the virtue of penances; and our strange formalities in worship; in a word, all is extravagant, strained, unnatural, where it is not directly offensive, or substantially impossible. They never could receive any part of it, they are sure; they would find it as hard to receive one part as the whole. They must lose their moral identity, and wake up with a new stock of thoughts, principles, and argumentative methods, ere they could ever endure it.

If such is the feeling of even candid and kind men, what

will be the impression produced by Catholicism on the prejudiced? You see it is a cause of shrinking from us quite independent of prejudice, for it exists among those who are not prejudiced; but it may be joined with prejudice, and then the aversion and abhorrence entertained towards us will be intense indeed. In that case, reason (that is, what the person in question takes to be such)—reason and passion will go together.

Further, consider that it is not individuals merely, here and there, but vast multitudes who are affected precisely in the same way at hearing our doctrines; millions, whole nations. Each member of them bears witness to the rest; there is the consent, intimate, minute, exact, absolute, of all classes, all ranks, all ages, all dispositions. All this is a fact; we see it before us: do we require anything more to account for the position we hold in a Protestant country? So strong does the persuasion become, that Catholicism is indefensible, that our opponents become aggressive; they not only spurn our creed and our worship themselves, but they are (as they think) in a condition to maintain that we too in our hearts despise both the one and the other as really as they. They will not believe that educated men can sincerely accept either; *they* do not hold them, therefore no one else can hold them. They conclude, therefore, that we *disbelieve* what we teach and practise; and in consequence, that we are *hypocrites*, as professing one thing, and thinking another. Next they come to a third conclusion, that since no one acts without motives, we must have a motive in professing without believing, and it must be a *bad motive;* for instance, gain or power: accordingly we are, first, unbelievers; secondly, liars; thirdly, cheats and robbers. And thus you have full-blown Priestcraft; here you have Popery simply detected and uncloaked: and observe the course of the argument;—Catholic Priests are infidels, are hypocrites, are rogues, why? simply, because Protestants think Catholic doctrine and Catholic worship irrational.

2.

Here then, Brothers of the Oratory, you see I have pointed out to your notice a cause of the feeling which is cherished towards us and our religion, altogether distinct from any other I have hitherto mentioned; and perhaps the most important of all. I say the most important, because it influences not only the multitude of men, but the men of thought, of education, of candour, those who are conscious they do wish to do us justice. The instinctive rising of the mind, of the intellect, of the reason (so they would say themselves, though, of course, and, as you will see, I am not going to allow it), opposes itself to the Catholic system. Is not our cause hopeless? how can we ever overcome so overwhelmingly formidable a fact?

I acknowledge its force is very great: this is the argument to which men mean to point, when they talk of education, light, progress, and so on, being the certain destruction of Catholicism. They think our creed is so irrational that it will fall to pieces of itself, when the sun of reason is directed in upon the places which at present it is enveloping. And I repeat (without of course allowing for an instant that this spontaneous feeling, if so it may be called, is synonymous with reason), I acknowledge that it is a most tremendous obstacle in the way of our being fairly dealt with. And our enemies, I say again, are in great triumph about it; they say, "Let in education upon them; leave them to reason; set the schoolmaster upon them." Well, I allow this "reason" (to use for the moment their own designation of it) *is* a serious inconvenience to us: it is a hindrance in our path; but I do not think it so invincible a weapon as they consider it; and on this simple ground,—because, if it were so ready, so safe, and so complete a method as they would have it, I consider they would have been slower to take *other* methods; for instance, slower to hang, to embowel, to quarter, to imprison, to banish. If this "reason" would do their work for them so well, I do not think they would have established their "reason,"

instead of leaving it to fight its own battles; I do not think we should have had so many laws passed in favour of "Reason" and against us the Irrational. If this "Reason," as they choose to call it, made such short work with Catholicism, they would not have been so frightened at what they call "Popish Agression," or have directed a stringent Act of Parliament against a poor twentieth part of the population of England. If this innate common sense, as they desire to consider it, were so crushing, so annihilating to our claims, to our existence, why the thousands of fables, fictions, falsehoods, fallacies, put out against us? why Maria Monk, and Jeffreys, and Teodore, and Achilli? Allowing, then, as I do, the importance of the phenomenon which I have been mentioning, feeling most fully that it requires careful consideration, granting that we may be fairly asked what we have to say to it, and that we ought to account for its existence,—nevertheless, I do not think it is so decisive an argument as its own upholders would make it, else it ought to have altogether superseded all others.

In truth, the spontaneous feeling against our doctrines and worship of which I have been speaking, has far greater influence with educated men than with the many; it is to the educated class what absurd fiction and false-witness are to the multitude: the multitude is credulous, the educated classes are speculative; the multitude is sensitive of facts, true or false, the educated classes of theories, sound or unsound; though I do not deny that the educated classes are credulous too, and the multitude theorists. This, then, is pretty much the state of the case; and as in former Lectures I have directed your attention, my Brothers, to the fables and falsehoods circulated against us, as one special cause of the odium which attaches to the Catholic Name, so this evening I propose to give you some description of those views, theories, principles, or whatever they are to be called, which imbue the educated and active intellect, and lead it, as it were, instinctively and spontaneously, first to pronounce the creed and worship of Catholicism absurd, and next by inference to pronounce its professors hypocritical.

I fear I have got upon a dry subject; I must make some demand on your attention, yet I cannot help it. All subjects are not equally amusing, equally easy; still it is too important a subject to omit. Did I do so, I should be said to be evading the most difficult part of the whole controversy. It is, indeed, the most important of all I have to treat; so important, that I cannot do justice to it in one Lecture, which is all I mean to give to it. So I have a double difficulty about it; one lies in my writing, the other in your attending; but I must do my best.

3.

You may recollect, that, in my Lecture last week, in speaking of prejudice, I alluded to opinions and conclusions, which often went by the name of prejudices, yet should more properly be called Prejudgments or Presumptions; for this reason, because they rest on argumentative grounds, and are abandoned by their upholders when those grounds fail them, whereas a prejudice is held tenaciously against reason. Thus a man may hold as a general fact, that Blacks are inferior to Whites in the gifts of intellect, and might thereby be led to expect that a certain Black, whom he met, would be unequal to play his part in English society; but he might yield at once when evidence was brought in proof of the ability of the particular individual in question; or again, he might yield to argument directed against his view altogether. Here would be a presumption without a prejudice. On the other hand, if he still persisted that the particular Black was weak-minded and incapable, against fact, or if he refused to reconsider his grounds, when there was reason for his doing so, then certainly he would be justly called prejudiced.

There is no difficulty so far; but, observe, there are opinions and beliefs which do not depend on previous grounds, which are not drawn from facts, for which no reasons can be given, or no sufficient reasons, which proceed immediately from the mind, and which the holder considers to be, as it were, part of himself. If

another person doubts them, the holder has nothing to show for their truth except that he is sure that they *are* true: he cannot say, "I will reconsider my reasons," for he has no reasons to consider. What, then, is to make him abandon them? what is to touch them? He holds them, and continues to hold them, whatever is urged against him to the contrary; and thus these opinions and beliefs look like prejudices, though they are not. They are not prejudices, because prejudices are opinions formed upon grounds, which grounds the prejudiced person refuses to examine; whereas these opinions which I am speaking of have from the first no grounds at all, but are simple persuasions or sentiments, which came to the holder he cannot tell how, and which apparently he cannot help holding, and they are in consequence commonly called First Principles. For instance, that all Blacks are unintellectual would be a prejudice, if obstinately held against facts; whereas the obstinate belief that God cannot punish in hell is rather a First Principle than a prejudice, because (putting aside the authority of Revelation) it can hardly be said to come within the reach of facts at all. From what I have said, it is plain that First Principles may be false or true; indeed this is my very point, as you will presently see. Certainly they are not necessarily true; and again, certainly there *are* ways of unlearning them when they are false: moreover, as regards moral and religious First Principles which are false, of course a Catholic considers that no one holds them except by some fault of his own: but these are further points, and some of them beyond my present subject, which is not theological; however, I mention them to prevent misconception.

Now that there must be such things as First Principles—that is, opinions which are held without proof as if self-evident,—and, moreover, that every one must have some or other, who thinks at all, is evident from the nature of the case. If you trace back your reasons for holding an opinion, you must stop somewhere; the process cannot go on for ever; you must come at last to something you cannot prove; else, life would be spent in inquiring and reasoning, our minds would be ever tossing

to and fro, and there would be nothing to guide us. No man alive, but has some First Principles or other. Even if he declares that nothing can be known for certain, then that is his First Principle. He has got his place in philosophy ready marked out for him; he is of the sect called Academics or Pyrrhonists, as the case may be, and his dogma is either "Nothing can be known in itself," or "Nothing can be known even for practical purposes." Any one may convince himself of the truth of what I am saying, who examines his own sentiments; for instance, supposing, on meeting a particular person, you said you would have nothing to do with him politically, and gave as your reason, *because* he belonged to a certain political party. And, supposing, on being asked why you disliked that party, you answered, *because* their very principle was to stand upon their own rights; and then supposing you were asked why it was wrong to stand on one's own rights; and you answered again, *because* it was selfish and proud; and being asked once more, why selfishness and pride were wrong, supposing you answered that selfishness and pride were bad feelings, *because* they were the feelings of the bad angels, who stood upon their supposed rights against their Maker; or, to sum up the whole in Dr. Johnson's famous saying, because "the devil was the first Whig,"—why, in that case, you see, you would have come to a First Principle, beyond which you could not get. I am not saying whether your reasoning, or your First Principle, was true or false; that is quite another matter; I am but illustrating what is meant by a First Principle, and how it is that all reasoning ultimately rests upon such. It would be your First Principle, in the case supposed, a principle for which no reason could be given, that the bad angels are to be avoided; *thence* it would follow that what is like them is to be avoided; and *from that* again, it followed that pride and selfishness are to be avoided; and *from that* again, that the particular political party in question is to be avoided. This, I repeat, is what is called a First Principle, and you see what a bearing it has both upon thought and action.

It is a First Principle that man is a social being; a First Principle that he may defend himself; a First Principle

that he is responsible; a First Principle that he is frail and imperfect; a First Principle that reason must rule passion.

I will set down one or two other instances of First Principles by way of further illustration.

The celebrated Roman patriot Cato stabbed himself when besieged at Utica, rather than fall into the hands of Cæsar. He thought this a very great action, and so have many others besides. In like manner Saul, in Scripture, fell on his sword when defeated in battle; and there have been those who reproached Napoleon for not having blown out his brains on the field of Waterloo. Now, if these advocates of suicide had been asked why they thought such conduct, under such circumstances, noble, perhaps they would have returned the querist no answer, as if it were too plain to talk about, or from contempt of him, as if he were a person without any sense of honour, any feeling of what becomes a gentleman, of what a soldier, a hero owes to himself. That is, they would not bring out their First Principle from the very circumstance that they felt its power so intensely; that First Principle being, that there is no evil so great in the whole universe, visible and invisible, in time and eternity, as humiliation.

Again, supposing a medical man were to say to his patient that he could not possibly get well unless he gave up his present occupation, which was too much for his health; supposing him to say, "As to the *way* of your doing this—how you are to make your livelihood if you give it up; or again, how you are to become a proficient in your present trade, or art, or intellectual pursuit; or again, how, if you take that step, you can keep up your religious connections; all these questions I have nothing to do with; I am only speaking to you *as* a medical man;"—nothing could be kinder or more sensible than such language; he does not make his own medical enunciations First Principles; he delivers his opinion, and leaves it to the patient to strike the balance of advantages. But it is just possible, to take an extreme case, that he might take another line. He might be so carried away by his love for his own science (as happens commonly to

men in any department of knowledge), as to think that everything ought to give way to it. He might actually ridicule religious scruples as absurd, and prescribe something which would be simply unlawful to a religious man; and he might give as a reason for such advice, that nature required it, and there was an end of the matter. In such case he would be going so far as to make the principles of his own science First Principles of conduct; and he would pronounce it impossible that moral duty ought in any case to interfere with or supersede the claims of animal nature.

I will take a third instance:—I believe that some time ago various benevolent persons exerted themselves in favour of the brute creation, who endure so much wanton suffering at the hands of barbarous owners. Various speculations were set afloat in consequence, and various measures advocated. I think I have heard that one doctrine was to the effect that it was wrong to eat veal, lamb, and other young meat, inasmuch as you killed creatures which would have enjoyed a longer life, and answered the purpose of food better, had you let them live to be beef and mutton. Again, shrimp sauce, it was said, ought to give way to lobster; for in the latter case you took one life away, in the former a hundred. Now the world laughed at all this, and would not condescend to reason; perhaps could not, though it had the best of the question; that is, perhaps it had not put its ideas sufficiently in order to be able to reason. However, it *had* reason, and these reasons will be found traceable up to this First Principle, which expresses the common theory of all mankind in their conduct towards the inferior animals—viz., that the Creator has placed them absolutely in our hands, that we have no duties to them, and that there is as little sin, except accidentally, and in the particular case, in taking away a brute's life, as in plucking a flower or eating an orange. This being taken for granted, all questions are in their substance solved, and only accidental difficulties remain.

I have said enough to show you what important, what formidable matters First Principles are. They are the means of proof, and are not themselves proved;

they rule, and are not ruled; they are sovereign on the one hand, irresponsible on the other: they are absolute monarchs, and if they are true, they act like the best and wisest of fathers to us; but, if they are false, they are the most cruel and baneful of tyrants. Yet, from the nature of our being, there they are, as I have said; there they must ever be. They are our guides and standards in speculating, reasoning, judging, deliberating, deciding, and acting; they are to the mind what the circulation of the blood and the various functions of our animal organs are to the body. They are the conditions of our mental life; by them we form our view of events, of deeds, of persons, of lines of conduct, of aims, of moral qualities, of religions. They constitute the difference between man and man; they characterise him. According to his First Principles, is his religion, his creed, his worship, his political party, his character, except as far as adventitious circumstances interfere with their due and accurate development; they are, in short, the man.

One additional remark must be made, quite as important as the foregoing. I just now said that these First Principles, being a man's elementary points of thinking, and the ideas which he has prior to other ideas, might be considered as almost part of his mind or moral being itself. But, for this very reason, because they are so close to him, if I may so speak, he is very likely not to be aware of them. What is far off, your bodily eyes see; what is close up to you is no object for your vision at all. You cannot see yourself; and, in somewhat the same way, the chance is that you are not aware of those principles or ideas which have the chief rule over your mind. They are hidden for the very reason they are so sovereign and so engrossing. They have sunk into you; they spread through you; you do not so much appeal to them as act from them. And this in great measure is meant by saying that self-knowledge is so difficult; that is, in other words, men commonly do not know their First Principles.

Now to show you that they have this subtle and recondite character. For instance, two persons begin

to converse; they come upon some point on which they do not agree; they fall to dispute. They go on arguing and arguing perhaps for hours; neither makes way with the other, but each becomes more certain his own opinion is right. Why is this? How is it to be explained? They cannot tell. It surprises them, for the point is so very clear; as far as this they are agreed, but no further; for then comes the difference, that where one says yes, the other says no, and each wonders that the other is not on his side. How comes each to be so positive when each contradicts the other? The real reason is, that each starts from some principle or opinion which he takes for granted, which he does not observe he is assuming, and which, even if he did, he would think too plain to speak about or attempt to prove. Each starts with a First Principle, and they differ from each other in first principles.

For instance, supposing two persons to dispute whether Milton was or was not a poet; it might so happen, that they both took for granted that every one knew what a poet was. If so, they might go on arguing to the end of time and never agree, because they had not adjusted with each other the principles with which they started.

Now, here the mistake is very obvious; it might, however, very easily be a First Principle which did not come so prominently forward in the discussion. It might come in by the by, neither party might see it come in at all, or even recognise it to himself as a proposition which he held in the affirmative or negative, and yet it might simply turn the decision this way or that.

Thus again it happens, to take an instance of another kind, that we cannot tell why we like some persons and dislike others, though there are reasons, if we could reach them; according to the lines,—

> "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why, I cannot tell."

Or a person says, "I do not know how it is that this or that writer so comes home to me, and so inspires me; I so perfectly agree with him," or "I can so easily follow his thoughts." Both feelings may be accounted

for, at least in many cases, by a difference or agreement in First Principles between the speaker and the person spoken of, which shows itself in the words, or writings, or deeds, or life of the latter, when submitted to the criticism of the former.

Sometimes two friends live together for years, and appear to entertain the same religious view; at the end of the time they take different courses; one becomes an unbeliever, the other a Catholic. How is this? some latent and hitherto dormant First Principle, different in each, comes into play, and carries off one to the East, the other to the West. For instance, suppose the one holds that there is such a thing as sin; the other denies it,—denies it, that is, really and in his heart, though at first he would shrink from saying so, even to himself, and is not aware he denies it. At a certain crisis, either from the pressure of controversy or other reason, each finds he must give up the form of religion in which he has been educated; and then this question, the nature of sin, what it is, whether it exists, comes forward as a turning-point between them; he who does not believe in it becomes an unbeliever; he who does, becomes a Catholic.

Such, then, are First Principles; sovereign, irresponsible, and secret;—what an awful form of government the human mind is under from its very constitution!

4.

There are many of these First Principles, as I have called them, which are common to the great mass of mankind, and are therefore true, as having been imprinted on the human mind by its Maker. Such are the great truths of the moral law, the duties, for instance, of justice, truth, and temperance. Others are peculiar to individuals, and are in consequence of no authority; as, for instance, to take a case which cannot often occur, the opinion that there is no difference between virtue and vice. Other principles are common to extended localities; men catch them from each other, by education, by daily intercourse, by reading the same books, or by being

members of the same political community. Hence nations have very frequently one and the same set of First Principles, of the truth of which each individual is still more sure, because it is not only his own opinion, but the opinion of nearly every one else about him. Thus, for instance, it was the opinion of the ancient pagan Romans, that every one should follow the religion of his own country, and this was the reason why they persecuted the first Christians. They thought it exceedingly hard that the Christians would take up a religion of their own, and that, an upstart religion, lately imported from Palestine. They said, "Why cannot you be contented to be as your ancestors? we are most liberal on the point of religion; we let a Jew follow Jewish rites, and an Egyptian the rites of Egypt, and a Carthaginian the Punic; but you are ungrateful and rebellious, because, not content with this ample toleration, you *will* be introducing into your respective countries a foreign religion." They thought all this exceedingly sensible, and, in fact, unanswerable; statesmen of all parties and all the enlightened men and great thinkers of the Empire gave in their adhesion to it; and on this First Principle they proceeded to throw our poor forefathers to the beasts, to the flame, and to the deep, after first putting them to the most varied and horrible tortures. Such was the power of an imperial idea, and a popular dogma; such is the consequence of a First Principle being held in common by many at once; it ceases to be an opinion; it is at once taken for truth; it is looked upon as plain common sense; the opposite opinions are thought impossible; they are absurdities and nonentities, and have no rights whatever.

In the instance I have mentioned, the folly and the offence, in the eyes of the Romans, was *proselytising*; but let us fancy this got over, would the Christian system itself have pleased the countrymen of Cato at all better? On the contrary, they would have started with his First Principle, that humiliation was immoral, as an axiom; they would not have attempted to prove it; they would have considered it as much a fact as the sun in heaven; they would not have even enunciated it, they would

have merely implied it. Fancy a really candid philosopher, who had been struck with the heroic deaths of the Martyrs, turning with a feeling of good will to consider the Christian ethics; what repugnance would he not feel towards them on rising up from the study! to crouch, to turn the cheek, not to resist, to love to be lowest! Who ever heard of such a teaching? it was the religion of slaves, it was unworthy of a man; much more of a Roman; yet that odious religion in the event became the creed of countless millions. What philosophers so spontaneously and instinctively condemned has been professed by the profoundest and the noblest of men, through eighteen centuries;—so possible is it for our First Principles to be but the opinions of a multitude, not truths.

Now be quite sure, my Brothers, that I make clear to you the point on which I am animadverting in these instances. I am not blaming Cato and his countrymen for using their First Principles, whatever they were, while they believed them: every one must use such opinions as he has; there is nothing else to be done. What I should blame in them would be their utterly despising another system with which they did not sympathise, and being so sure that they were right; their forgetting that the Christians might have First Principles as well as they, and opposite ones; their forgetting that it was a *question* of First Principles; that the contest was not ended—that it had not begun. They viewed Christianity with disgust, at first sight. They were repelled, thrown back, they revolted from the Religion, and they took that mere feeling of theirs as an evidence that the Religion really was wrong and immoral. No, it only showed that *either* the Religion *or* they were wrong, which of the two had still to be determined. Christians had their First Principles also; "blessed are the meek," "blessed are the persecuted," "blessed are the pure hearted." These First Principles the Pagans had no right to ignore. They chose to apply their own First Principles, as decisive tests, to the examination of the precepts and practice of the Church, and by means of them they condemned her; but if they had applied

Christian principles as the measure of her precepts and her practice, they would, on the contrary, have been forced to praise her. All depends on which set of principles you begin by assuming.

The same thing takes place now. A dispassionate thinker is struck with the beauty and the eloquence of the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church; he likes to be present at them, but he says they are addressed of course only to the imagination, not to the reason. They are indefensible in the eye of reason. What does he mean? Why this, when he explains himself:—he says he cannot understand how the Divine Being needs propitiating—is He not good? what can be the use of these ceremonies? why, too, such continual prayer? why try to get others to pray for you too, and for your object, whatever it is? what the use of *novenas?* why betake yourselves to saints? what can they do for you? So he might go on, speaking against the whole system of deprecatory and intercessory prayer, and we might be grieved and perplexed at such a line of thought in so candid a man, and we should ask ourselves how it came to be. Now if it turned out at length that the said critic disbelieved the virtue of prayer altogether, or that the Divine Being was really moved by it, or that it was of any good whatever beyond the peace and sereneness which the exercise poured over the soul, I think you would consider that this fact quite explained those criticisms of his which distressed you; you would feel that it was nugatory to argue points of *detail* with one, who, however candid, differed from you in *principle;* and, while you would not quarrel with him for having his own First Principles (seriously as you thought of them theologically), your immediate charge against him would be that he had forgotten that a Catholic has First Principles too, and forgotten also that we have as much right to have our theory of prayer as he to have his own. His surprise and offence constitute no proof even to himself that we are wrong; they only show, that, as we have our First Principles, which we consider true, but which are not capable of proof, so has he his. The previous question remains—Which set of principles is

true? He is a theorist, using his theory against our practice, as if our practice might not have its own theory also. But, in fact, he does not dream that we have any intellectual principles whatever as the basis of what we do: he thinks *he* is the only intellectual man; he has mind on his side, it never came into our heads to have it; *we* do not know what mind is. Thus he imagines and determines, knowing nothing whatever of our acute, profound, subtle philosophers, except by name, and ridding himself of the trouble of reading their works by nicknaming them schoolmen or monks.

5.

Now I have come to the point at which the maintenance of private opinion runs into bigotry. As Prejudice is the rejection of reason altogether, so Bigotry is the mposition of private reason,—that is, of our own views and theories, of our own First Principles, as if they were the absolute truth, and the standard of all argument, investigation, and judgment. It there are any men in the world who ought to abstain from bigotry, it is Protestants. They, whose very badge is the right of private judgment, should give as well as take, should allow others what they claim themselves: but I am sorry to say, as I have had occasion to say again and again, there is very little of the spirit of reciprocity among them; they monopolise a liberty which, when they set out, they professed was to be for the benefit of all parties. Not even the intellectual, not even the candid-minded among them, are free from inconsistency here. They begin by setting up principles of thought and actions for themselves; then, not content with applying them to their own thoughts and actions, they make them the rule for criticising and condemning our thoughts and actions too; this, I repeat, is Bigotry. Bigotry is the infliction of our own unproved First Principles on others, and the treating others with scorn or hatred for not accepting them. There are principles, indeed, as I have already said, such as the First Principles of morals, not peculiar or proper to the individual, but the rule of the world, because

they come from the Author of our being, and from no private factory of man. It is not bigotry to despise intemperance; it is not bigotry to hate injustice or cruelty; but whatever is local, or national, or sectional, or personal, or novel, and nothing more, to make that the standard of judging all existing opinions, without an attempt at proving it to be of authority, is mere ridiculous bigotry. "*In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas,*" is ever the rule of the philosopher. And though I know in many cases it is very difficult to draw the line, and to decide what principles are, and what are not, independent of individuals, times and places, eternal and divine, yet so far we may safely assert,—that when the very persons who hold certain views, confess, nay, boast, nay, are jealously careful, that those views come of their own private judgment, they at least should be as jealous and as careful to keep them to their own place, and not to use them as if they came distinctly from heaven, or from the nature of things, or from the nature of man. Those persons, surely, are precluded, if they would be consistent, from using their principles as authoritative, who proclaim that they made them for themselves. Protestants, then, if any men alive, are, on their own showing, bigots, if they set up their First Principles as oracles, and as standards of all truth.

This being considered, have we not, my Brothers, a curious sight before us? This is what we call an enlightened age: we are to have large views of things: everything is to be put on a philosophical basis; reason is to rule; the world is to begin again; a new and transporting set of views is about to be exhibited to the great human family. Well and good; have them, preach them, enjoy them, but deign to recollect the while, that there have been views in the world before you: that the world has not been going on up to this day without any principles whatever; that the Old Religion was based on principles, and that it is not enough to flourish about your "new lamps," if you would make us give up our "old" ones. Catholicism, I say, had its First Principles before you were born: you say they are false: very well, prove them to be so: they are false, indeed, if yours are

true; but not false merely because yours are yours. While yours are yours it is self-evident, indeed, to you, that ours are false; but it is not the common way of carrying on business in the world, to value English goods by French measures, or to pay a debt in paper which was contracted in gold. Catholicism has its First Principles, overthrow them, if you can; endure them, if you cannot. It is not enough to call them effete, because they are old, or antiquated because they are ancient. It is not enough to look into our churches, and cry, "It is all a form, *because* divine favour cannot depend on external observance;" or, "It is all a bondage, *because* there is no such thing as sin;" or, "a blasphemy, *because* the Supreme Being cannot be present in ceremonies;" or, "a mummery, *because* prayer cannot move Him;" or, "a tyranny, *because* vows are unnatural;" or, "hypocrisy, *because* no rational man can credit it at all." I say here is endless assumption, unmitigated hypothesis, reckless assertion: prove your "because," "because," "because;" prove your First Principles, and if you cannot, learn philosophic moderation. Why may not my First Principles contest the prize with yours? they have been longer in the world, they have lasted longer, they have done harder work, they have seen rougher service. You sit in your easy-chairs, you dogmatise in your lecture-rooms, you wield your pens: it all looks well on paper: you write exceedingly well: there never was an age in which there was better writing; logical, nervous, eloquent, and pure,—go and carry it all out in the world. Take your First Principles, of which you are so proud, into the crowded streets of our cities, into the formidable classes which make up the bulk of our population; try to work society by them. You think you can; I say you cannot—at least you have not as yet; it is yet to be seen if you can. "Let not him that putteth on his armour boast as he who taketh it off." Do not take it for granted that that is certain which is waiting the test of reason and experiment. Be modest until you are victorious. My principles, which I believe to be eternal, have at least lasted eighteen hundred years; let yours live as many months. That man can sin, that he has duties,

that the Divine Being hears prayer, that He gives His favours through visible ordinances, that He is really present in the midst of them, these principles have been the life of nations; they have shown they could be carried out; let any single nation carry out yours, and you will have better claim to speak contemptuously of Catholic rites, of Catholic devotions, of Catholic belief.

What is all this but the very state of mind which we ridicule, and call narrowness, in the case of those who have never travelled? We call them, and rightly, men of contracted ideas, who cannot fancy things going on differently from what they have themselves witnessed at home, and laugh at everything because it is strange. They themselves are the pattern-men; their height, their dress, their manners, their food, their language, are all founded in the nature of things; and everything else is good or bad, just in that very degree in which it partakes, or does not partake, of them. All men ought to get up at half-past eight, breakfast between nine and ten, read the newspapers, lunch, take a ride or drive, dine. Here is the great principle of the day—dine; no one is a man who does not dine; yes, dine, and at the right hour; and it must *be* a dinner, with a certain time after dinner, and then, in due time, to bed. Tea and toast, port wine, roast beef; mincepies at Christmas, lamb at Easter, goose at Michaelmas, these are their great principles. They suspect any one who does otherwise. Figs and maccaroni for the day's fare, or Burgundy and grapes for breakfast!—they are aghast at the atrocity of the notion. And hence you read of some good country gentleman, who, on undertaking a Continental tour, was warned of the privations and mortifications that lay before him from the difference between foreign habits and his own, stretching his imagination to a point of enlargement answerable to the occasion, and making reply that he knew it, that he had dwelt upon the idea, that he had made up his mind to it, and thought himself prepared for anything abroad, provided he could but bargain for a clean tablecloth and a good beef-steak every day.

Here was a man of one idea; there are many men of

one idea in the world: your unintellectual machine, who eats, drinks, and sleeps, is a man of one idea. Such, too, is your man of genius, who strikes out some new, or revives some old view in science or in art, and would apply it as a sort of specific or as a key to all possible subjects; and who will not let the world alone, but loads it with bad names if it will not cure all its complaints by chemistry or galvanism, by little doses or great, if it will not adopt the peaked shoes of Edward III., or the steeple hats of the Puritans. Such again are those benevolent persons who, with right intentions, but yet, I think, narrow views, wish to introduce the British constitution and British ideas into every nation and tribe upon earth; differing, how much! from the wise man in the Greek epic, whose characteristic was that he was "versatile,"* for he had known "the cities and the *mind* of many men." History and travel expand our views of man and of society; they teach us that distinct principles rule in different countries and in distinct periods; and, though they do *not* teach us that all principles are equally true, or, which is the same thing, that none are either true or false, yet they do teach us, that all are to be regarded with attention and examined with patience, which have prevailed to any great extent among mankind. Such is the temper of a man of the world, of a philosopher. He may hold principles to be false and dangerous, but he will try to enter into them, to enter into the minds of those who hold them; he will consider in what their strength lies, and what can be said for them; he will do his best to analyze and dissect them; he will compare them with others; and he will apply himself to the task of exposing and disproving them. He will not ignore them;—now, what I desiderate at the present day in so many even candid men, and of course much more in the multitude which is uncandid, is a recognition that Catholics *have* principles, of their own; I desiderate a study of those principles, a fair representation, a refutation. It is not enough that this age has its principles too; this does not prove them true; it has no right to

* Πολύτροπος.

put ours on one side, and proceed to make its own the immediate touchstones and the sufficient tribunals of our creed, our worship, our ecclesiastical proceedings, and our moral teaching.

6

To show in how very many instances these remarks apply to the criticisms and judgments passed by Protestants upon the details of Catholic teaching and belief, is simply impossible, on such an occasion as this. It would be to write a book. I will take one instance, but even to that I cannot hope to do full justice; but it will be something to have drawn your attention to what seems to me an important line of thought, and to the mode of using it in the controversy in which we are engaged.

I will take, then, one of those subjects, of which I spoke in the opening of this Lecture as offensive to Protestants—viz., our belief in the miracles wrought by the relics and the prayers of the saints, which has given both occasion and scope to so many reports and narratives to their honour, true, doubtful, or unfounded, in the Catholic Church. I suppose there is nothing which prejudices us more in the minds of Protestants of all classes than this belief. They inspect our churches, or they attend to our devotions, or they hear our sermons, or they open our books, or they read paragraphs in the newspapers; and it is one and the same story—relics and miracles. Such a belief, such a claim, they consider a self-evident absurdity; they are too indignant even to laugh; they toss the book from them in the fulness of anger and contempt, and they think it superfluous to make one remark in order to convict us of audacious imposture, and to fix upon us the brand of indelible shame. I shall show, then, that this strong feeling arises simply from their assumption of a First Principle, which ought to be proved, if they would be honest reasoners, before it is used to our disadvantage.

You observe, my Brothers, we are now upon a certain question of controversy, in which the argument is *not* directly about *fact*. This is what I noticed in the opening

of this Lecture. We accuse our enemies of untruth in most cases; we do not accuse them, on the whole, of untruth here. I know it is very difficult for prejudice such as theirs to open its mouth at all without some mis-statement or exaggeration; still, on the whole, they do bear true, not false witness in the matter of miracles. We do certainly abound, we are exuberant, we overflow with stories which cause our enemies, from no fault of ours, the keenest irritation, and kindle in them the most lively resentment against us. Certainly the Catholic Church, from east to west, from north to south, is, according to our conceptions, hung with miracles. The store of relics is inexhaustible: they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an energetic virtue of supernatural operation. At Rome there is the True Cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chair of St. Peter; portions of the crown of thorns are kept at Paris: the holy coat is shown at Treves; the winding-sheet at Turin; at Monza, the iron crown is formed out of a Nail of the cross; and another Nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan; and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen in the Escurial. The Agnus Dei, blessed medals, the scapular, the cord of St. Francis, all are the medium of divine manifestations and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to the suppliant, and Madonnas have bent their eyes upon assembled crowds. St. Januarius's blood liquefies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's well is the scene of wonders even in an unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata; blood has flowed on Fridays from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. Relics are ever touching the sick, the diseased, the wounded, sometimes with no result at all, at other times with marked and undeniable efficacy. Who has not heard of the abundant favours gained by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and of the marvellous consequences which have attended the invocation of St. Antony of Padua? These phenomena are sometimes reported of Saints in their life-time, as well as after death, especially if they were evangelists or martyrs. The wild beasts crouched before their victims in the Roman amphitheatre: the axe-man was unable to

sever St. Cecilia's head from her body, and St. Peter elicited a spring of water for his jailor's baptism in the Mamertine. St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for five hundred travellers; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak; St. Andrew shone brightly in the dark; St. Scholastica gained by her prayers a pouring rain; St. Paul was fed by ravens; and St. Frances saw her guardian Angel. I need not continue the catalogue; here what one party urges, the other admits; they join issue over a fact; that fact is the claim of miracles on the part of the Catholic Church; it is the Protestants' charge, and it is our glory.

Observe then, we affirm, that the Supreme Being has wrought miracles on earth ever since the time of the Apostles: Protestants deny it. Why do we affirm, why do they deny? we affirm it on a First Principle, they deny it on a First Principle; and on either side the First Principle is made to be decisive of the question. Our First Principle is contradictory of theirs: if theirs be true, we are mistaken; if ours be true, they are mistaken. They take for granted that their First Principle is true; we take for granted that our First Principle is true. Till ours is disproved, we have as much right to consider it true as they consider theirs true; till theirs is proved, they have as little ground for saying that we go against reason, as for boasting that they go according to it. For our First Principle is our reason, in the same sense in which theirs is their reason, and it is quite as good a reason. Both they and we start with the miracles of the Apostles;* and then their First Principle or presumption, against our miracles, is this, "What God did once, He is *not* likely to do again;" while our First Principle or presumption, for our miracles, is this, "What God did once, He *is* likely to do again." They say, It cannot be supposed He will work *many* miracles; we, It cannot be supposed He will work *few*.

I am not aiming at any mere sharp or clever stroke

* I am arguing with Protestants; if unbelievers are supposed, then they use virtually Hume's celebrated argument, which still is a Presumption or First Principle—viz., it is impossible to fancy the order of nature interrupted.

against them; I wish to be serious, and investigate the real state of the case, and I feel what I am saying very strongly. Protestants say, miracles are *not* likely to occur often; we say they *are* likely to occur often. The two parties, you see, start with contradictory principles, and they determine the particular miracles, which are the subject of dispute, by their respective principles, without looking to such testimony as may be brought in their favour. They do not say, "St. Francis, or St. Antony, or St. Philip Neri did no miracles, for the *evidence* for them is worth nothing," or, "because what *looked* like a miracle was not a miracle;" no, but they say, "It is *impossible* they should have wrought miracles." Bring before the Protestant the largest mass of evidence and testimony in proof of the miraculous liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood at Naples, let him be urged by witnesses of the highest character, chemists of the first fame, circumstances the most favourable for the detection of imposture, coincidences, and confirmations the most close and minute and indirect, he will not believe it; his First Principle *blocks* belief. On the other hand, diminish the evidence ever so much, provided you leave some, and reduce the number of witnesses and circumstantial proof; yet you would not altogether wean the Catholic's mind from belief in it; for his First Principle *encourages* such belief. Would any amount of evidence convince the Protestant of the miraculous motion of a Madonna's eyes? is it not to him in itself, prior to proof, simply incredible? would he even listen to the proof? His First Principle settles the matter; no wonder then that the whole history of Catholicism finds so little response in his intellect or sympathy in his heart. It is as impossible that the notion of the miracle should gain admittance into his imagination, as for a lighted candle to remain burning, when dipped into a vessel of water. The water puts it out.

7.

The Protestant, I say, laughs at the very idea of miracles or supernatural acts as occuring at this day; his First Principle is rooted in him; he repels from

him the idea of miracles; he laughs at the notion of evidence for them; one is just as likely as another: they are all false. Why? Because of his First Principle; there are no miracles since the Apostles. Here, indeed, is a short and easy way of getting rid of the whole subject, not by reason, but by a First Principle which he calls reason. Yes, it *is* reason, granting his First Principle is true; it is *not* reason, supposing his First Principle is false. It is reason, if the private judgment of an individual, or of a sect, or of a philosophy, or of a nation, be synonymous with reason; it is not reason, if reason is something not local, nor temporal, but universal. Before he advances a step in his argument, he ought to prove his First Principle true; he does not attempt to do so, he takes it for granted; and he proceeds to apply it, gratuitous, personal, peculiar, as it is, to all our accounts of miracles taken together, and thereupon and thereby triumphantly rejects them all. This, forsooth, is his spontaneous judgment, his instinctive feeling, his common sense,—a mere private opinion of his own, a Protestant opinion; a lecture-room opinion; not a world-wide opinion, not an instinct ranging through time and space, but an assumption and presumption, which, by education and habit, he has got to think as certain, as much of an axiom, as that two and two make four; and he looks down upon us, and bids us consider ourselves beaten, all because the savour of our statements and narratives and reports and legends is inconsistent with his delicate Protestant sense,—all because our conclusions are different, not from our principles and premisses, but from his.

And now for the structure he proceeds to raise on this foundation of sand. If, he argues, in matter of fact, there be a host of stories about relics and miracles circulated in the Catholic Church, which, as a matter of First Principle, cannot be true; to what must we attribute them? indubitably to enormous stupidity on the one hand, and enormous roguery on the other. This, observe, is an immediate and close inference:—clever men must see through the superstition; those who do not see through it must be dolts. Further,

since religion is the subject-matter of the alleged fictions, they must be what are called pious frauds, for the sake of gain and power. Observe, my Brothers, there is in the Church a vast tradition and testimony about miracles; how is it to be accounted for? If miracles *can* take place, then the *truth* of the miracle will be a natural explanation of the *report*, just as the *fact* of a man dying satisfactorily accounts for the *news* that he is dead; but the Protestant cannot so explain it, because he thinks miracles cannot take place; so he is necessarily driven, by way of accounting for the report of them, to impute that report to fraud. He cannot help himself. I repeat it; the whole mass of accusations which Protestants bring against us under this head, Catholic credulity, imposture, pious frauds, hypocrisy, priestcraft, this vast and varied superstructure of imputation, you see, all rests on an assumption, on an opinion of theirs, for which they offer no kind of proof. What then, in fact, do they say more than this, *If* Protestantism be true, you Catholics are a most awful set of knaves?—Here, at least, is a most intelligible and undeniable position.

Now, on the other hand, let me take our own side of the question, and consider how we ourselves stand relatively to the charge made against us. Catholics, then, hold the mystery of the Incarnation; and the Incarnation is the most stupendous event which ever can take place on earth: and after it and henceforth, I do not see how we can scruple at any miracle on the mere ground of its being unlikely to happen. No miracle can be so great as that which took place in the Holy House at Nazareth; it is indefinitely more difficult to believe than all the miracles of the Breviary, of the Martyrology, of Saints' lives, of legends, of local traditions, put together; and there is the grossest inconsistency on the very face of the matter, for any one so to strain out the gnat and to swallow the camel, as to profess what is inconceivable, yet to protest against what is surely within the limits of intelligible hypothesis. If, through divine grace, we once are able to accept the solemn truth that the Supreme Being was born of a mortal woman, what is there to be imagined

which can offend us on the ground of its marvellousness? Thus you see, it happens that, though First Principles are commonly assumed, not proved, ours in this case admits, if not of proof, yet of recommendation, by means of that fundamental truth which Protestants profess as well as we. When we start with assuming that miracles are not unlikely, we are putting forth a position which lies imbedded, as it were, and involved, in the great revealed fact of the Incarnation.

So much is plain on starting; but more is plain too. Miracles are not only not unlikely, they are positively likely; and for this simple reason, because, for the most part, when God begins He goes on. We conceive that when He first did a miracle, He began a series; what He commenced, He continued: what has been, will be. Surely this is good and clear reasoning. To my own mind, certainly, it is incomparably more difficult to believe that the Divine Being should do one miracle and no more, than that He should do a thousand; that He should do one great miracle only, than that He should do a multitude of less besides. This beautiful world of nature, His own work, He broke its harmony; He broke through His own laws which He had imposed on it; He worked out His purposes, not simply through it but in violation of it. If He did this only in the lifetime of the Apostles, if He did it but once, eighteen hundred years ago and more, that isolated infringement looks as the mere infringement of a rule: if Divine Wisdom would not leave an infringement, an anomaly, a solecism on His work, He might be expected to introduce a series of miracles, and turn the apparent exception into an additional law of His providence. If the Divine Being does a thing once, He is, judging by human reason, likely to do it again. This surely is common sense. If a beggar gets food at a gentleman's house once, does he not send others thither after him? If you are attacked by thieves once, do you forthwith leave your windows open at night? If an acquaintance were convicted with a fraud, would you let that be the signal for reposing confidence in him, as a man who could not possibly deceive you? Nay, suppose you yourselves

were once to see a miracle, would you not feel that experience to be like passing a line? should you, in consequence of it, declare, "I never will believe another if I hear of one?" would it not, on the contrary, predispose you to listen to a new report? would you scoff at it and call it priestcraft for the reason that you had actually seen one with your own eyes? I think you would not; then I ask what is the difference of the argument, whether you have seen one or believe one? You believe the Apostolic miracles, therefore be inclined beforehand to believe later ones. Thus you see, our First Principle, that miracles are not unlikely now, is not at all a strange one in the mouths of those who believe that the Supreme Being came miraculously into this world, miraculously united Himself to man's nature, passed a life of miracles, and then gave His Apostles a greater gift of miracles than He exercised Himself. So far on the principle itself; and now, in the next place, see what comes of it.

This comes of it,—that there are two systems going on in the world, one of nature, and one above nature; and two histories, one of common events, and one of miracles; and each system and each history has its own order. When I hear of the miracle of a Saint, my first feeling would be of the same kind as if it were a report of any natural exploit or event. Supposing, for instance, I heard a report of the death of some public man; it would not startle me, even if I did not at once credit it, for all men must die. Did I read of any great feat of valour, I should believe it, if imputed to Alexander or Cœur de Lion. Did I hear of any act of baseness, I should disbelieve it, if imputed to a friend whom I knew and loved. And so, in like manner, were a miracle reported to me as wrought by a member of Parliament, or a Bishop of the Establishment, or a Wesleyan preacher, I should repudiate the notion: were it referred to a saint, or the relic of a saint, or the intercession of a saint, I should not be startled at it, though I might not at once believe it. And I certainly should be right in this conduct, supposing my First Principle be true. Miracles to the Catholic are facts of history and biogra-

phy, and nothing else; and they are to be regarded and dealt with as other facts; and as natural facts, under circumstances, do not startle Protestants, so supernatural, under circumstances, do not startle the Catholic.* They may or may not have taken place in particular cases; he may be unable to determine which; he may have no distinct evidence; he may suspend his judgment, but he will say, "It is very possible;" he never will say, "I cannot believe it." Take the history of Alfred: you know his wise, mild, beneficent, yet daring character, and his romantic vicissitudes of fortune. This great king has a number of stories, or, as you may call them, legends, told of him. Do you believe them all? no. Do you, on the other hand, think them incredible? no. Do you call a man a dupe or a blockhead for believing them? no. Do you call an author a knave and a cheat who records them? no. You go into neither extreme, whether of implicit faith or of violent reprobation. You are not so extravagant; you see that they suit his character, they *may* have been; yet this is so romantic, that has so little evidence, a third is so confused in dates or in geography, that you are in matter of fact indisposed towards them. Others are probably true, others certainly. Nor do you force every one to take your own view of particular stories; you and your neighbours think differently about this or that in detail, and agree to differ. There is in the Museum at Oxford, a jewel or trinket said to be Alfred's; it is shown to all comers: I never heard the keeper of the Museum accused of hypocrisy or fraud for showing, with Alfred's name appended, what he might or might not himself believe to have belonged to that great king: nor did I ever see any party of strangers, who were looking at it with awe, regarded by any self-complacent bystander with scornful

* Douglas, succeeding Middleton, lays down the sceptical and Protestant First Principle thus: "The history of miracles (to make use of the words of an author, whose authority you will think of some weight) is of a kind totally *different* from that of common events; the one to be *suspected always of course*, without the *strongest* evidence to *confirm* it; the other to be *admitted of course*, without *as strong* reason to *suspect* it," &c.—*Criterion*, p. 26.

compassion. Yet the relic is not to a certainty Alfred's. The world pays civil honour to it on the probability; we pay religious honour to relics, if so be, on the probability. Is the Tower of London shut against sightseers, because the coats of mail or pikes there may have half legendary tales connected with them? why then may not the country people come up in joyous companies, singing and piping, to see the Holy Coat at Trèves? There is our Queen again, who is so truly and justly popular; she roves about in the midst of tradition and romance; she scatters myths and legends from her as she goes along; she is a being of poetry, and you might fairly be sceptical whether she had any personal existence. She is always at some beautiful, noble, bounteous work or other, if you trust the papers. She is doing almsdeeds in the Highlands; she meets beggars in her rides at Windsor; she writes verses in albums, or draws sketches, or is mistaken for the housekeeper by some blind old woman, or she runs up a hill, as if she were a child. Who finds fault with these things? he would be a cynic, he would be white-livered, and would have gall for blood, who was not struck with this graceful, touching evidence of the love which her subjects bear her. Who could have the head, even if he had the heart, who could be so cross and peevish, who could be so solemn and perverse, as to say that some of these stories *may* be simple lies, and all of them might have stronger evidence than they carry with them? Do you think she is displeased at them? Why, then, should He, the Great Father, who once walked the earth, look sternly on the unavoidable mistakes of His own subjects and children in their devotion to Him and His? Even granting they mistake some cases in particular, from the infirmity of human nature, and the contingencies of evidence, and fancy there is or has been a miracle here or there when there is not;—though a tradition, attached to a picture, or to a shrine, or to a well, be very doubtful;—though one relic be sometimes mistaken for another, and St Theodore stands for St Eugenius, or St Agathocles;—still, once take into account our First Principle, that He is likely to continue miracles among

us, which is as good as the Protestant's, and I do not see why He should feel much displeasure with us on account of this error, or should cease to work wonders in our behalf. In the Protestant's view, indeed, who assumes that miracles never are, our thaumatology is one great falsehood; but that is *his* First Principle, as I have said so often, which he does not prove but assume. If *he*, indeed, upheld *our* system, or *we* held *his* principle, in either case he or we should be impostors; but though we should be partners to a fraud, if we thought like Protestants, we surely are not, because we think like Catholics.

8.

Such, then, is the answer which I make to those who would urge against us the multitude of miracles recorded in our Saints' Lives and devotional works, for many of which there is little evidence, and for some next to none. We think them true in the sense in which Protestants think the details of English history true. When they say that, they do not mean to say there are no mistakes in it, but no mistakes of consequence, none which alter the general course of history. Nor do they mean they are equally sure of every part; for evidence is fuller and better for some things than for others. They do not stake their credit on the truth of Froissart or Sully, they do not pledge themselves for the accuracy of Doddington or Walpole, they do not embrace as an Evangelist, Hume, Sharon Turner, or Macaulay. And yet they do not think it necessary, on the other hand, to commence a religious war against all our historical catechisms, and abstracts, and dictionaries, and tales, and biographies, through the country; they have no call on them to amend and expurgate books of archeology, antiquities, heraldry, architecture, geography, and statistics, to rewrite our inscriptions, and to establish a censorship on all new publications for the time to come. And so as regards the miracles of the Catholic Church; if, indeed, miracles never can occur, then, indeed, impute the narratives to fraud; but till you prove they are not likely, we shall consider the histories which have come down to us true

on the whole, though in particular cases they may be exaggerated or unfounded. Where, indeed, they can certainly be proved to be false, there we shall be bound to do our best to get rid of them; but till that is clear, we shall be liberal enough to allow others to use their private judgment in their favour, as we use ours in their disparagement. For myself, lest I appear in any way to be shrinking from a determinate judgment on the claims of some of those miracles and relics, which Protestants are so startled at, and to be hiding particular questions in what is vague and general, I will avow distinctly, that, putting out of the question the hypothesis of unknown laws of nature (that is, of the professed miracle being not miraculous), I think it impossible to withstand the evidence which is brought for the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, and for the motion of the eyes of the pictures of the Madonna in the Roman States. I see no reason to doubt the material of the Lombard crown at Monza; and I do not see why the Holy Coat at Trèves may not have been what it professes to be. I firmly believe that portions of the True Cross are at Rome and elsewhere, that the Crib of Bethlehem is at Rome, and the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul also. I believe that at Rome too lies St. Stephen, that St. Matthew lies at Salerno, and St. Andrew at Amalfi. I firmly believe that the relics of the saints are doing innumerable miracles and graces daily, and that it needs only for a Catholic to show devotion to any saint in order to receive special benefits from his intercession. I firmly believe that saints in their life time have before now raised the dead to life, crossed the sea without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured incurable diseases, and superseded the operation of the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways. Many men, when they hear an educated man so speak, will at once impute the avowal to insanity, or to an idiosyncrasy, or to imbecility of mind, or to decrepitude of powers, or to fanaticism, or to hypocrisy. They have a right to say so, if they will; and we have a right to ask them why they do not say it of those who bow down before the Mystery of mysteries, the Divine Incarnation. If they do not believe this, they are not

yet Protestants; if they do, let them grant that He Who has done the greater may do the less.

9

And now, Brothers of the Oratory, I have come to the end of a somewhat uninteresting, but a necessary discussion. Your lot is cast in the world; you are not gathered together, as we are, into the home and under the shadow of St. Philip; you mix with men of all opinions. Where you see prejudice, there, indeed, it is no use to argue; prejudice thinks its First Principles self-evident. It can tell falsehoods to our dishonour by the score, yet suddenly it is so jealous of truth, as to be shocked at legends in honour of the saints. With prejudiced persons then, you will make no way; they will not look the question in the face; if they condescend to listen for a moment to your arguments, it is in order to pick holes in them, not to ascertain their drift or to estimate their weight. But there are others of a different stamp, of whom I spoke in the opening of this Lecture, candid, amiable minds, who wish to think well of our doctrines and devotions, but stumble at them. When you meet with such, ask them whether they are not taking their own principles and opinions for granted, and whether all they have to say against us is not contained in the proposition with which they start. Entreat them to consider how they know their existing opinions to be true; whether they are innate and necessary; whether they are not local, national, or temporary; whether they have ever spread over the earth, ever held nations together; whether they have ever or often done a great thing. If they say that penances are absurd, or images superstitious, or infallibility impossible, or sacraments mere charms, or a priesthood priestcraft, get them to put their ideas into shape and to tell you their reasons for them. Trace up their philosophy for them, as you have traced up their tradition; the fault lies in the root; every step of it is easy but the first. Perhaps you will make them Catholics by this process; at least you will make them perceive what they believe and what they do not, and will teach them to be more tolerant of a Religion which unhappily they do not see their way to embrace.

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